Orations of Henry Austin Adams

Copy of photograph presented to Mr. Adams by the "Newman Club," Los Angeles, Cal.

Yours Austin Adams.

Orations

of

Henry Austin Adams

INTRODUCTION BY

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS

SECOND EDITION

The Adams-Cannon Company
St. Paul, Minn.
1903

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Gratefully dedicated to the memory of Father Michael J. McGivney, to whom the world is indebted for his founding of the Knights of Columbus. ✣ ✣ ✣

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INTRODUCTION.

THE many friends of Mr. Henry Austin Adams will be pleased to learn that he proposes to present his lectures in book form.

Mr. Adams was formerly a Protestant clergyman and was in possession of a very lucrative benefice, which secured for him, moreover, an enviable social position. His reputation as a thinker and speaker was not confined to the limits of his congregation. Even when a young clergyman he was often invited on occasions of moment to address audiences composed of men and women who were well known in the highest social and literary circles. A fame such as is the lot of the few was assured to him when, through conscientious motives, he renounced his position with all its emoluments, and, without any resources but such as his own talents might promise, he declared his intention of becoming a Catholic and placed his future in the hands of Divine Providence.

He elected to try his fortune on the lecture platform. With what success, those who have had the privilege of listening to him will be pleased to bear witness. His graceful, flowing periods frequently rising by the very force of the ideas to the height of genuine eloquence; his rich imagery, which seemed to come naturally to mind just as the thought demanded the expression; his exquisite humor—sometimes seasoned with a bit of irony or sarcasm—always happy as it was often surprisingly delightful, have made him one of the most entertaining, and, we are glad to say, most successful lecturers of the day.

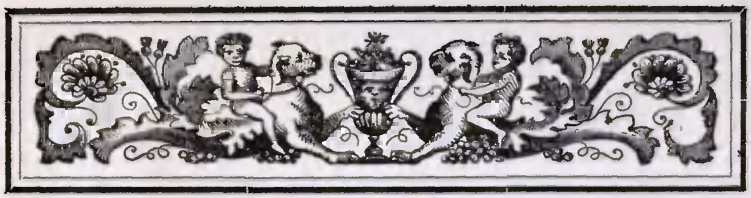
So numerous have been the demands for lectures from his admirers, so unsparing of himself has he been in his efforts to accommodate his friends, that his health was unable to withstand the strain. He has been compelled to go abroad for the purpose of procuring a much needed and well-earned rest.

The present volume he offers to the public in the hope that it will prove acceptable to his many friends and procure for him the means in some measure of supporting himself and his family during his enforced retirement.

While the printed lectures will be wanting in that personal magnetism which is one of his charms

as a speaker, it is hoped that the subject-matter itself, which gives evidence of extensive reading, well digested by earnest reflection, and which is clothed in a style that is always attractive, will procure for this book a generous welcome.

James Card. Gibbons



NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR.

SINCE my happy submission to the Catholic Church nine years ago I have had the singular privilege of addressing many people in all parts of our country upon the inspiring themes furnished by the history of our mother, the Church, and the lives of not a few of her sons who were among the noblest and greatest of men. The controlling motive of all that I have been permitted to attempt has been to bring to bear upon the hearts and minds of our young men the truth that in all avenues of human effort, and measured by every standard that man's ambition can suggest, the illuminating power of faith and absolute adherence to Catholic principles, so far from being a barrier and a restraint, have lifted those who completely believed and obeyed to the very highest achievement.

To combat the growing spirit of "liberal" thought which would fain have men believe that religion places insufferable limits upon the intel-

lect and ethics upon the will, I have essayed to show, by the lives of men of genius and widely separated in time and place and characteristics, that it is only when the mind is truly interiorly enlightened by faith and the will steadied by right principles that man can attain to his real best.

In short, I have had constantly at heart one hope and purpose, that I might be allowed a humble part in the great work of bringing the young Catholic of today to know more clearly that, even in the natural order of the here and now and in the practical affairs of our strenuous and complex modern existence, the Christian religion alone can fit a man for that "success" which is proclaimed to be the goal and end of being.

To make men proud of their Catholic faith is more than anything my work in life; and, as I am but a layman, I try to help as a layman may, by telling to my brothers everywhere the inspiring story of men made great by this same faith—men who compelled a hostile world to bow to both the loftiness of their ideals and the unquestioned splendor of their achievements. May God accept my work and glorify it in silent, unseen ways in the hearts of men.

HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS.

Summit of Mt. Tamalpais, California, June 26, 1902.

Cardinal Newman.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE hold which John Henry Newman has upon the heart of the English-speaking world is at once a most refreshing and not easily explicable fact. Refreshing, because it utterly disproves the libel whereby the age is held to be so sunk in mere materialism that it cannot hear, and still less comprehend, the messages which come to us from the hills of life; and seemingly inexplicable, because no great man of the century was more removed from its strenuous ideals than the gentle recluse of Edgbaston.

According to a certain cock-sure, statistical, cash-register view of our modern life, we, whose thought-impulses come from the genius of English literature and whose medium in the upbuilding of thought-empires is the English tongue, have been so immersed in the welter of "success," so intent on "progress," so elated by the triumphs of "science," that we have no ear for the music of the Choir Invisible, no eye for the Kindly Light!

Especially true is all this, we are told, of that part of the English-speaking peoples which has come to be looked upon as the least susceptible to all influences making for intellectual or spiritual uplift, the Americans.

We are asked: "After all, is it not true that the real question in every American's mind is, What can I get? what can I touch, eat, wear, buy and sell at a profit? what can I see or hear?"

And truly we are the most practical of peoples, and it is but natural that we be found so. It is entirely natural, and, of course, wholesome for the young animal to take more interest in the outward tangible than in the inward spiritual. A healthy boy is more absorbed in pie than problems—and we are young yet, very young as nations count the years.

As yet the "native hue of resolution" has not grown "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"; nor have our world-amazing "enterprises of great pith and moment" their currents turned awry out of regard for anything in heaven or earth.

Give us time, and doubtless when as old as the Germans we, too, will be metaphysical, psychological and thorough; when as old as the French we, too, may be artistic and critical; when as old as the Spanish and the Italians God grant we, too, may be contemplative, theological and mystical!

But as yet we are young, and, rejoicing as a giant to run his course, we grapple the tremendous issues of today with a breezy, heedless, optimistic unconcern for the issues of the great tomorrow of the soul.

And yet John Henry Newman was not wasted on us! We love him. His writings are now a necessary part of every library. His immortal hymn is now a spiritual classic in the hearts of millions. His portrait (found everywhere) has made the features of the venerable ecclesiastic those of an old friend to Protestants, whose religion he rejected, no less than to Catholics, whose ancient faith he embraced—nay, to Hebrews and Agnostics.

The great heart of our good President was comforted not a little in the solemn watches of that week when the nation was with him in the valley of the shadow, by the recitation of "Lead, Kindly Light," and one of the sweetest of the results of that dark tragedy has been the very wide dissemination of Newman's poems among the American people.

It may be questioned whether any man of our times is held in higher or more tender regard than this serene old seer and prophet who lived out his ninety-one long years upon a mountain-top of

undisturbed endeavor to keep his soul in almost contemptuous exaltation above those interests and aims which the age boastfully proclaimed the very end of living!

That Newman holds this place in the heart of our world is, one may be very sure, answer sufficient to the unthinking estimate that would abandon us in the slough of self out of which there is no salvation. But how to explain this American interest in a man so utterly aside from our spirit and orbit?

If it were Cardinal Manning, the other great English ecclesiastic and convert, the explanation were not far to seek; for in him we have a superbly modern and practical man—a humanitarian, a born leader and organizer, an all-around "hustling," aggressive, resourceful politician—who took up causes with the enthusiasm which engenders its like, causes, too, which were those of the people.

Strange that two lives can run so closely parallel to one another and be so different!

Both born near the beginning of the nineteenth century; both educated at the same university of Oxford; both becoming distinguished clergymen of the Church of England; both being converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and, singularly enough, being elevated to the Sacred College of cardinals!

Both, moreover, men of the most commanding intellectual eminence, and neither of them aloof, through ignorance or isolation, from those forces that worked upon and that environment which held the other.

And yet how dissimilar! One might have fancied that Manning had a touch of good old Irish blood in his veins, for he could not keep out of any "scrap." If there was a fight on, Manning was in it and in it to a finish!

A bill would be brought into Parliament one night, and Manning might have a letter on the subject next morning in the *Times;* a strike would break out on the London docks, and Manning, not stopping to think whether it would be dignified for one in the purple to have anything to do with a matter so vulgar as a strike, might jump into the first hansom, and in twenty minutes be down on the docks himself, standing between capital and labor, compelling capital to recognize its limitations and responsibilities; and then turning with the gentleness of unfeigned sympathy and getting labor to realize the god-like quality of self-restraint and the dignity of work!

His mitre seemed not so much a mitre as a helmet! About his gaunt shoulders the vestments of his high office appeared less like embroidered silk than like a coat of mail!

In his hand the gilded crozier became not the symbol of a shepherd's authority over the sheep of Christ, but a battle-axe.

To hear him preach was to hear a trumpet call to larger life. On some Sundays, it is true, one might have seen him sitting as meek as Moses on his throne, and his sermon might be on the Gospel for the day, on Penance, on Heaven, on Purgatory —on pew rent, possibly, or any of the themes improved by our own pastors for our edification.

But on the next Sunday one might know by the twitching of his long fingers that there was blood on the moon!

And, sure enough, the sermon would prove to be a burst of splendid pity, an imperative demand for justice, a withering denunciation of outrage. He was the unterrified friend of the under-dog, be the color or creed of the under-dog what it might. The rescuer of the drunkard; the protector of all whom sin or ignorance or a false civilization had submerged beneath the awful turbulent seas of human struggle in London.

American interest in him were easily explained; him we might fancy made our very Patron Saint. The high-priest of our modern gospel of "salvation by committee," Manning was in his very element when he was adopting the constitution and by-laws

of some new society or crusade, of which he had one ready for every ill to which flesh is heir!

Could any man be less like Newman? Newman, whose cloistered mind dreaded distraction, and in whose calmer altitudes of thought things had a way of falling into perspectives that vanished into eternity, time and its fever losing before the unspeakable uplift of his conceptions their weight and fury.

Thus were these two great men. That Newman, the man of gentle, interior, purely spiritual greatness, should command, as he most surely does, an incomparably loftier respect and wider following than the man of such tangible, practical effectiveness as was Manning, is a sublime manifestation of our old world's soundness at bottom. The heart which has room for the subtle, nameless charm of Newman's spirit is one for which much may be hoped.

But does Newman hold any such place as we claim? Is his influence really so great? Let us see.

In the first place, he affected English literature as few have ever done, as certainly none of his contemporaries did.

Again, he influenced the whole domain of theological controversy, not only radically changing the

point of view of multitudes, but, better yet, infusing into the turbid waters his own exquisite and chivalrous spirit.

More, he took "John Bull," the seemingly unchangeable, and more profoundly changed him in certain eternally important respects than he had been affected since the Reformation.

Let us examine these claims, now, in order and detail.

I. As a matter of English style Cardinal Newman is held by all competent critics to have had no superior. With the one possible exception of De Quincy, no writer has left us such a monument of English prose; none has produced an English at once so lucid, so majestic, so tranquil, so transfigured by light!

But, it might be objected, does not the very fact that Newman's style is so fine—that his subject-matter is so high—preclude any wide influence among the people? Is not a message so refined necessarily "caviare to the general"? Unhesitatingly we may say, no!

Look at it. It is now necessary that every man claiming to be an English scholar shall be familiar with Cardinal Newman's works.

What does this mean? It means, certainly, that every educated man shall now, for the first time in

three hundred years, be in the way, at any rate, of learning the evidence for Catholic truth, which those arch conspirators, "the Standard Historians," have been suppressing with impunity. From every point of view such a result is a triumph of fair play over brutal, intellectual dishonor.

At one of the foremost universities in America the recently adopted text-book of literature contains long extracts from Newman's works, insuring the delicious result that henceforth, ere that venerable *alma mater* confers degrees upon her sons, they must have run the risk of discovering that much of her own proud protesting in the past was but emptiness and wind! Doubtless the professors there caution the pupils not to believe what Newman says; but that were like saying: "You must not believe what your author states, but if you want to know the best way in which to say the other thing, then find out the way that Newman says anything, for that is the best way to say it!"

Not to every man is it given to tell other men truth which they abhor in such a way that they are compelled to hear, in order that they may know their own language! This was Newman's unique prerogative.

But he not only wrote English which they must read who would be scholarly, he touched the very

inner genius of our literature and wrought a marvelous and refreshing change.

We all remember the animus shown by the great writers of the earlier days. Not even glorious old Sir Walter, the stout knight errant who did such valiant work in breaking through the deadly commonplace classism of the eighteenth century, back to the splendid ideals of the Middle Ages—not even he could wholly free himself from the universal British contempt for "Popery." He gives us his drunken Friar Tuck; and all the usual "Book of Martyrs," middle-class, impenetrable misconceptions of the stubborn British mind, find an unnatural place amid the magnificent largeness and regal nobleness of his matchless Waverly Novels.

Among the lesser lights I cannot now recall one novelist or other writer who did not truckle to the popular prejudice and malign Catholics.

If a priest were introduced, it was as a cat-like, sneaking, mysterious individual who might be counted upon for any act requiring duplicity, and who, it was darkly hinted, had a stiletto up his sleeve!

If the exigencies of the plot necessitated the poisoning of the coffee, it was never the English governess who was made to commit the crime, but

the French maid, because she was a Papist and under the evil influence of some "Father St. Elmo," a wily "Jesuit in disguise!"

As for the historians, essayists, and more serious writers, to a man they never failed to resort to any misrepresentation whereby Catholicity might be made to appear base or contemptible.

All this has changed. In the recent novels that have enjoyed the widest popularity there has not infrequently appeared a priest,—and always the good father is drawn as the very embodiment of self-sacrifice, chastity or other heroic virtue.

We are bade believe that, under some circumstances, even a Pope might be a decent man! And in such tales as "Helbeck of Banisdale" and "The Eternal City," apart from a sort of lofty condescending priggishness—which would be irritating were it not ridiculous—there is not much fault to be found with the admissions made in favor of the church's power for righteousness.

They used to throw mud, now they throw bouquets! What has happened to bring about so gladsome a change? I will tell you what has happened, —Newman has lived! Newman has lifted the English world to the hilltop of his own unclouded and illuminating charity and mental integrity. Once only did he permit himself to enter the lists of con-

troversy in his own defense, and that was when Charles Kingsley, the most popular novelist of the day, attacked the sincerity of Newman upon the amazing grounds that, as a Roman Catholic priest, Newman need not feel himself bound by the ordinary principles of honor and veracity, it being a fundamental principle of Catholic casuistry (a part of every priest's education) that a man may lie "for the greater glory of God!"

The result was the publication of Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua," the literary gem of the nineteenth century.

When the world had finished the perusal of this classic, not only did Newman stand forth superbly justified, but the whole body of the priesthood emerged from three hundred years of calumny into the fair, white light of a just and kindly public opinion.

It was not the perfect poise of the stately sentences; it was not the supremely delicate revelation of the deep and holy soul; it was not the absolute transparent truthfulness. All these great qualities were there as they were not in any other book before, indeed, but it was not these that made the "Apologia" the mighty world force that it was and is. It was the fact that by one tender message the whole sublime subject of Catholicity was brought

within the purview of countless earnest men to whom it was unknown or utterly misknown!

To try to measure the total of that book's influence were to attempt to anticipate eternity.

II. But the gentle Cardinal has laid our sorry world under still greater obligation. He revolutionized the temper of theological controversy. "A gentleman," says he, "is one who never inflicts pain"; and to this chivalrous standard he conformed his own conduct and was for the most part able to induce others to conform.

Of the two which it takes to make a quarrel he steadfastly refused to be one. The "mud" which bigotry flung at him he suffered, as our good mothers used to bid us to do, to dry! It seems that if allowed to dry, no stain remains; whereas, if brushed away while wet, a spot still shows. Letters were answered when their hot, angry words had cooled. The rather rash and bumptious challenge of a zealous preacher to a settlement by public debate of the whole issue was met by the delightful counter suggestion that each bring his fiddle to the hall and there determine their relative merits as *virtuosi!*

We can remember what Protestants used to say of us in the good old days; and—may we be forgiven!—we can remember what we used to say of

them! There is some reason, though no good excuse, for the bigotry of a sound Protestant; but there can be no reason, no excuse for that of any Catholic. Men are not very different from that which they are made by their inheritance, their education and their environment. The Protestant imbibes an almost ineradicable anti-Catholic bias with his mother's milk. At the sacred altar of her knee he learns not only of the "pure" faith, but of that dark shadow of error from which it was delivered at the Reformation. His pastors, his school masters, his superiors and guides all allude to "Rome" as the very synonym of all that is opposed to righteousness and light and progress.

"History" informs him of Rome's awful havoc in the past; the novelist, the poet and the philosopher unite in proving that her blight is like the deadly shadow of the upas tree.

How but by a miracle can a man escape so universal a conviction? But with the Catholic it is not so. His mother did not inculcate a hatred of non-Catholics as a principle of his religious training; his priest did not attribute all the woes of life to the rottenness of the morals of the Protestant clergy; his teachers and books and associations do not tend to nourish in him a constant habit of suspicion and distrust of his Protestant

neighbors. Therefore, the bigotry of a Catholic must spring from personal smallness and remains wholly indefensible. Now no one can deny that there has been a vast improvement. And Newman's share in this beneficent result is very great.

When little men migrate from one religion to another there is perhaps a stirring of the parochial waters for a week or two, and then each goes on unheeded and forgotten to his appointed place.

But when the giant skull of Newman, the mightiest head that God had put, but once or twice, on Anglo-Saxon shoulders—when that tremendous skull passed through the ancient wall of separation, it made a hole so large that millions of eyes outside got their first look inside through it. And it must be remembered that one may see through a hole both ways! So millions of eyes inside got their first look outside through that same hole! Looking into another's eyes is the best pledge peace has. The wild beast of hate dares scarcely hold the steady glance of charity. Who rails at Newman proves himself an enemy, not of the Church of Rome, but of the light and them that love the light.

Good Protestants are rapidly abandoning their former most unhappy frame of mind toward Catholics, and one of the most cheering facts in these

great days wherein who wishes to may find so much of cheer is the immense increase of interest and of effort on the part of Catholics in and on behalf of Protestants.

There is, however, much left to be desired. Some there are yet who need to be "Newmanized." A fine old Irish gentleman who heard me speak on one occasion asked to be presented to me after the lecture. "Are you a convert, sir?" he asked me. I assured him that I was. "Well, I do not think that you are half converted!" he retorted. And I found that the reason for this delicious bit of criticism was that I had alluded to the Episcopalians with affectionate respect! John Henry Newman contributed to the improved condition by the power of his written defense of truth and by the vastly greater power of his personal exemplification of the ennobling effect of truth on them that truly love it.

His treatises rise like so many snow-capped, serene mountains above the somewhat volcanic foothills of apologetics.

Confronted by such a champion the coarsest theological gladiator is apt to feel the need of the restraints imposed on knightly combatants. But his weightiest argument was just—himself! It had been the fashion in the English world to speak of

Rome as the "refuge of weak minds"; and to think of Catholic philosophy as of a system of rather slippery casuistical ethics, incapable of producing that virile, forth-right, ingenuous, broad-shouldered type of man that had, with sublime complacency, come to be called exclusively "Anglo-Saxon."

But Newman has fled, as from a rotten, sinking ship, from our respectable old Church of England as by Parliament established! Newman has deserted our Mrs. Grundy, that safe old chaperon, and has adopted the morals of the Jesuit!

Now, as it was impossible to think of Newman's mind as "weak," or of his great translucent character as "jesuitical," only one thing could possibly be the result of his conversion—the whole British conception of the Catholic religion must be abandoned.

Can a man achieve a more glorious life-victory than this?

III. In one other immense particular the influence of the Cardinal may be said to have been unique. He changed "John Bull," the erstwhile almost unchangeable. The English character may be disliked, it may be condemned, but it cannot be ignored as at the same time being a force in civilization which must be reckoned with, and a solid, beefy, reliable element in life which must be felt in all world-totals.

His stolid, stubborn, irritating self-sufficiency, his sublime sense of superiority, his undisguised contempt for others, and his insular insolence may make the Briton a disagreeable customer, but there can be no difference of opinion as to the effect that these national traits have upon the muscles of the neck!

We Yankees boast of our ability to change, to adopt the manners and opinions of others, to know a good thing when we see it! And, in common with most people, we say, "When in Rome do as the Romans do"; but "John Bull" says, rather, "When in Rome or anywhere else, do as you did in Piccadilly!" And therefore we find him at the antipodes precisely as we found him at home. One might fancy coming across an Englishman on some distant planet and beholding him still attired in his Tweeds, his monocle in his eye, his Baedekker in his hand and banishing from further consideration everything that he found different from what he had been accustomed to at home, with his one word, "extraordinary!"

Had one the philosopher's eye, he could find in a Briton's dictionary definitions like these: "British—superior; foreign—inferior!" All of which tends, with the lapse of the years, to build up a

temperament impervious to change, a conviction that change of any sort must be tantamount to deterioration.

So "John Bull" had not changed. At the beginning of the nineteenth century he stood as had his fathers for three hundred years. With one stout leg planted on Magna Charta and the other stout leg on the bulwarks of the Protestant Reformation; lined with Southdown mutton, washed down with good old home-brewed ale; with the Squire in the hall and the Parson in the vicarage (like twin Coryphæi bearing up the superstructure of the British Constitution), "John Bull" stood there a Gibraltar of impenetrability, a monument of immobility!

The French were having (in his opinion) a coniption fit every few months; the Germans were forever changing their moorings in their endless gropings through the fog-banks of metaphysical speculation; and, of course, the Americans were but so many apes and monkeys.

But the Briton, being superior in all respects, changed not! And in his splendid isolation he certainly had the satisfaction of seeing the commerce of the world paying tribute into his coffers in Lombard street; his ringing gold sovereign made the standard money-value in all markets;

and his ideas, his institutions, his language, pushing their irresistible influence into the remotest corners of the earth.

So thought of change or of its desirability was far from him. He ate his mutton on the same old table, in the same old room in which his great-great-great-grandfather had eaten his! He voted the same old vote for the same old borough which his ancestors had represented from the very first. His sleepy old universities dozed on in blissful disregard of profane progress; and his church was as a cool cloister wherein respectability was secure from the impertinence of thought or action!

Such was the Englishman at the beginning of the nineteenth century. At its close we find him —the unchanging one—changed! Changed, moreover, in that very respect in which it is most difficult to change a man, namely, in his religious opinions.

The Church of England today is not what it was one hundred years ago: its doctrines, its ceremonies, its schools of thought, its aims and methods—all are changed. For the better? Immeasurably for the better! What has occurred? The "Oxford Movement," as the greatest spiritual awakening of many centuries is now called, has transfigured the whole religious life of England,

and of the Oxford movement the soul, the inspiration and the glory was, beyond all cavil, Newman.

It was his towering individuality, his relentless eloquence, his moral magnificence that, more than all other causes, made the movement immediately and universally felt; and that his "desertion" to Rome, followed as it was by that of scores of the choicest souls, did not terminate the great revival is in no sense a proof that he had not been its life.

In these ways, then, our age has been affected by this singular and lovable old man. And now, to ask how it was possible that one so seemingly devoid of all the usual accessories of popular leadership, nevertheless did sway the weary world to loftier aims and soothe it into the calmness and the recollection wherein there may be hope that one may come to hear the music and to see the light.

It is not possible to attribute Newman's influence to the fact that he was a religious leader, if by that term we mean that he was one of that body of forceful, active, restless intellects which during that period of transition and doctrinal disintegration crystallized from time to time the flux of current thought or suggested to the empiric mind of a world adrift and rudderless on the sea of speculation some catchy, ready-made hypothesis. The great religious "leaders" of our times were men

more nimble than their fellows, with alert ears close to the ground; men who, perceiving that doubt was in the air and that the tendency was toward a speculative, questioning and irreligious temper, were first to formulate new rationalizing creeds, foremost in the advancing drift toward theological "liberalism." These agile spiritual acrobats, beholding the sweep of current thought toward the Niagara of doctrinal disintegration, merely leaped into the stream a bit ahead of their less venturesome contemporaries, and, being good floaters, shouted to their fellows: "Follow us; we are your leaders!" The Sunday morning's discourse soon came to be a clever essay upon the latest fashion in doubt, a text being taken largely for the purpose of showing that it was, in all likelihood, not in the most approved manuscripts at all; and that if it were a part of the original scripture, so much the worse for God, the Holy Ghost, for Paleontology and Egyptology and Assyriology and Philology all proved that the poor text was inconsistent with the reason of the reverend Mountebank! It was an age of growing unbelief, and its accepted leaders were they who with the greatest audacity and the most brilliant eloquence voiced heresy in any of its alluring phases.

At no time would a return to Rome's unyielding fixity of faith have been more regarded with super-

cilious contempt than during precisely this period of scientific speculative doubt and of the apotheosis of "Reason." No age has been in its very essence more alien to the Catholic principle of faith than was the nineteenth century. And thus we have seen that any and all religious transitions to and from one denomination to another have been condoned and taken in good spirit—except the one to Rome! That was the one unpardonable, incomprehensible moral and intellectual fall! It proved the man who could consider it seriously wholly unsaved by the glorious new gospel, a pathetic intellectual incompetent and moral degenerate. So that, when Newman amazed the world by his staggering retrograde movement to Rome, he might well have expected the execration of modernized man, but hardly the title nor the power of a religious leader. That he achieved his undoubted hold upon the earnest thinking of the age is evidence superb of his transcendent greatness.

Alone, heart-high amid the eddies and the resistless rush of the on-sweeping torrent of laxity of thought, he strove, and faltered not until he reached the long-despised and contemned Rock of Peter.

Planted on that lowly eminence he faced the proud and scoffing world for half a century, and

lived to see the thoughtless, blind, antagonistic multitude listening in silent and almost receptive spirit to his unique and fascinating elucidation of Peter's faith.

Nor was this gradual extension of his influence secured by any of the usual elaborated methods of an organized movement.

He shunned aggressive, advertised campaigning as much as Manning seemed to have courted it. Nor did he much believe in the necessity which the alarmist feels for definite, immediate and strenuous action, offensive and defensive, upon the first appearance of noisy threats.

Begged to come out and help save God from the attacks of the new agnostics, he answered that he would like to be excused because he was extremely busy writing his history of the Arians of the Fourth Century! Little by little men came to hear a quiet, never excited voice, which spoke of peace and light and truth as from some height of calm and serene joy—that was all; and as they listened they felt their own deep need of just that joy and coolness.

Now, how did the man, John Henry Newman, achieve this priceless sway over men's hearts for good?

By being what he was. What was he? Let us see.

One thing is certain; as the concrete foundation of his character he must have had unyielding fixity of purpose. That is the basic fact that underlies all power in character. History is the record of the men who had it. Where are the rest? Pinches of dust blown ages ago into oblivion! Why? Because they did not have it. Like rocks that lie in the stream's bed, these forced the currents of their times to pass to this side or to that, to whirl and eddy around their steadfastness.

They shaped the water courses. Men with immovable ideas, keeping their eye unswervingly upon some end! In small things, as in great, success is his who, while the others like vacillating and irresolute vanes blown every which way by shifting winds, turn at a moment's notice, holds on tenaciously to his one object!

Was it not Carlyle who said: "If you see a man coming with a fixed idea, dodge him! and if it is a woman, pray for salvation"?

And there is wisdom in the injunction, since they alone need cause us the least anxiety. Others we may ignore or thwart; these must be reckoned with. How strange, how absolutely necessary, is what we call influence! By influence I mean that power of holding one's mind before another's mind and compelling it to think as you do.

Whenever two minds meet there is, consciously or not, immediate trial of strength, the flint invariably cutting into the softer substance. The very pertinacity of a book agent, with all its irritating and intrusive disagreeableness, is yet his splendid evidence of sure possession of just that something which he needs to reach his purpose.

"*Respice finem!*" That motto has the very principle of ultimate success; and, after all, what need one care about save ultimates of every sort? The good old Irish gentleman to whom I have referred asked of his pastor what I had meant by this "*respice finem,*" and that genial and witty priest replied: "Oh, he meant that he could see your finish!" And, truly, they who consider ends *can* usually "see the finish" of those who see but that which is at hand and different things from day to day. In every group of men there are those mighty ones around whose fixity of purpose all the rest revolve.

This is true of the family; it is also true of the state. That imposing body of great men in the nineteenth century whom we now call the "grand old men" was composed of those whose tremendous will power forced from their contemporaries a recognition tantamount to subservience. They, as it were, made the age what it was. They were

the embodiment of its aims, its efforts, its hopes and aspirations. Their biographies were a sufficient history of the times. And among them, unique in the fact of his antagonism to the general drift, towered John Henry Newman. But mere strength of will, mere fixity of purpose, was not, in his case, sufficient explanation of the influence he wielded. We must take note of one more characteristic. Above and about his firmness of mind there was an atmosphere of spiritual uplift and enthusiasm which transfigured his whole being and diverted the current of his force of character from the channel of self over the wide desert of human need and mankind's pathetic lack of light. He was a worrier for God—one of those singular and desperately needed beings who, while the rest of us are too busy, too engrossed, too indifferent, too ignorant, to worry over our own necessity, worry for us and cease not until, in spite of us, we get what we so need.

The mind runs back with charming fancy to that long row of cradles in which those "grand old men" lay in their infancy, when the century was itself in its cradle. How little could have been then foreseen of the future glory and struggle! Dimpled baby fingers clutching the sunbeams, hands afterwards to hold the mighty truncheons of world-

compelling power! They lay there innocent enough of all the stress and agony that were to be. Bismarck, Gladstone, Darwin, Tennyson, Leo XIII., Newman! What a world of power sweeps into one's thought as the great names are mentioned! One thinks of the hovering of the angels of destiny and of vocation above such cradles. And when they came to that in which the puny little Newman lay, they must have paused and wondered as to the purposes of God concerning him. A mighty head, and seemingly but little else. A fragile little lamp of alabaster — just enough of body to send a soul in! But the angel of vocation did stoop and whisper to that tiny child. To Bismarck was given the feudal note of absolute insistence which made him the man of "blut und eisen," whom we all feel, even if we abhor. To Tennyson, the golden lyre of kingly and chivalrous song, which caused us, in our hurry and our selfishness, yet to remember that life is more than food and the body than raiment. To Darwin, the noble passion to know. To Gladstone, the magnificent enthusiasm of humanity. To Leo, the superb ability to guide eternal issues with exquisite appreciation of the pressure of time.

And what to Newman? One may imagine Destiny holding high colloquy with a soul like this:

"If God shall give to you a pen that shall write English in such wise that all must read; if He shall give to you a tongue which shall persuade as none has done since Chrysostom; if He shall give to you an intellect that, even in an age of intellectual giants, shall be thought vast, will you take for your life work—make the sole aim and object of your being this: to love the light and follow it?"

And, like another Samuel, Newman looked up and said: "Lord, here am I; send me!" The LIGHT! That is the meaning of the man. To be in absolute good faith! That was the hunger of his soul.

He seems to have made a covenant with light, as though he had said to truth: "Show me thy face here, and I will go to thee; there, and I will go to thee there; show me thyself anywhere, and I will go to thee; yea, though every friend I ever had oppose me; though all who ever did me kindness stand with joined hands, a cordon of protest; though every heart that ever loved me break! I shall go through them all to come to truth. If my own mother meet me, and with her tear-stained face reminds me of the infinite self-sacrifice of her whole life, tells me that it will bring her precious old gray head in sorrow to the grave, begs me by all the pains she bore in bringing me into the world

and by the hallowed memories of all she was to me in the sweet innocence and sanctities of childhood, I shall push even her aside to get to truth; for I have made one awful and eternal vow, never to sleep until I know that I possess the friendship of just two—God and my conscience!"

Lead, kindly light! Prayer was summed up for this great lover of the light in that one cry. Conscience to him was as a priceless gem; to know one's way and follow it, life's glorious possibility.

Such, then, was the man, John Henry Newman. And it would seem that he began in earliest infancy to manifest the dominant note of love of the truth. He was abnormal rather than precocious. Sickly and of a shrinking, perhaps even peevish, temperament, the little fellow very early found himself different from other children, the pathos and mystery of life pressing upon his thought untimely. "I disliked boys and did not know that there were girls," he tells us of that first age of his self-consciousness. He read, and he remembered. Indeed, his memory was seemingly infallible and capable of holding (without the scholar's usual methods and orderly arrangement) the enormous mass of information accumulated during eighty years of incessant reading.

And Truth was his mistress, whose courting was the motive for the perusal of every word he read.

Truth! Historical, doctrinal, moral, social truth. To serve her, to win her, to possess! That was the absorbing object, that was the joy of life.

"Mamma, be accurate; it was quarter to four!" Thus he is said to have corrected and amused his mother when she had told her visitors that she had left for town the previous Thursday at four o'clock.

And upon entering the university, he soon achieved a reputation for defending minutest truths in a manner which made him less liked than feared. "I am afraid," writes his mother, "that our little John Henry is going to be a very disagreeable child!" To some he did, indeed, prove to be extremely so; but they were those who neither knew nor cared to know his Beloved. To Oxford, which in the space of half a score of years he was to revolutionize, he came when he was fourteen years of age, looking not more than ten, so feeble was he and so innocent.

Oxford! At the time of Newman's going up for his education that venerable seat of learning was peacefully slumbering. Within its cool quadrangles there dwelt the culture and scholarship of England in a frigid disregard of the unrest and agitation of the surrounding world. And there, too, all that was finest and purest in the established

church found sanctuary and leisure for undisturbed pursuit of knowledge. As though no sin or ignorance or want existed in the land, the cultured clergy, morally flawless and æsthetically men of the nicest balance, lived out their lives in editing new critical recensions of Anacreon or Horace, and in the laborious compilation of treatises on the Birds of Devonshire or the Varieties of Fungus in the West Riding of Yorkshire! Every professor may well have been ninety years of age. Not one had changed a line in any of his lectures for a generation. Without the omission of one subscript iota, the venerable old pedants—not to say, fossils—were droning away at the same lectures which they had delivered to the great grandfathers of their present pupils. It would have been thought sacrilege to have plucked off but one small ivy leaf from the old college walls.

And in the country the church was practically dead, the rural clergy being largely incumbents of old family livings for which a younger son was regularly trained as a matter of course. Perched in his high "three-decker" pulpit the parson read the perfunctory prayers to the antiphon of his deaf old parish clerk, the Squire the while peacefully snoring in his curtained box pew, and for the congregation a group of charity children and two old maids! The Oxford Movement was to change all

this, but as yet the subtle beginnings of that great awakening were scarcely felt. To Oxford, then, came he who was to light again the sanctuary lamp in the empty and cold shrine of England's faith.

How little did the old university know who and what that timid, pale-faced boy was who found his way up the High street on a certain day!

Young Newman's first days at Oxford were in no way distinguished, and but for the providence of God, he, too, might soon have been devoting his splendid mind to original studies in Numismatics or to the Entomology of Shropshire. But mighty forces had been at work. Sir Walter Scott, the stout knight errant of romance and action, had charged through the paralyzing classicism of the eighteenth century and shown the modern mind the glory and the elevation of the antique world. Wordsworth and his gentle brothers, "the Lake school" of poets, were leading the imagination from the stilted artificiality of "Olympus" to the brave simplicity of open fields and wind-swept downs—daring to sing of Mary and of Lucy in place of Daphne, Phyllis and Areadne. The metaphysics of Coleridge and the nascent promptings of the "pre-Raphaelite" art ethics; the fervent protests of a dissent which, with whatever vulgarity and lack of coherence, had none the less heart and

reality; the new-born passion for historical, antiquarian and literary accuracy—all these and other forces had been preparing the better elements in the establishment for a change of heart.

And God had been preparing the mighty soul of Newman for the work. The young poet and seer found himself soon a welcome recruit in a little group of quiet, unobtrusive fellows of various houses of the university, to whom the sacred calling of the ministry meant more than leisure for merely scholarly pursuits. Men these were with true enthusiasm for man. Men of superb scholarship and with a real scholar's veneration for the truth and a gentleman's humility of heart. Among these profound students and lofty souls Newman soon came to hold a singular, and then a commanding, place. For the first time since the Reformation the finality and propriety of that moral and doctrinal cataclysm began to be seriously questioned, as a result of the exhaustive study of the great writings of the early Fathers of the Church. Christianity as a fact of history, the church as a living organism, as a divinely instituted and infallible body, began to displace the sentimental, vague, subjective conceptions which had been thought a sufficient idea of the effect of the Incarnation.

And as they read the Fathers, discovering their Catholicity, they studied art and architecture and music and philosophy; and before the fire of beauty which such studies kindled the intellectual vulgarity of Protestantism and the mawkishness of dissent went down like stubble.

Others there were among these Oxford "Tractarians," as they were called, whose learning was as great, others whose zeal was as his own; but none of them equaled Newman in some magnificent respects.

None had Newman's imagination. There may have been profounder theologians, but no eye saw the inner glory of theological truths as his eye did; there may have been better equipped historians among them, but no heart leaped forth to rehabilitate lost and forgotten beauty as did his poet's heart; there doubtless were among these scholars men whose knowledge of liturgics, architecture, art, surpassed his own, but there was none who felt all that he felt when, seated in the ruins of some old priory or minster, he heard once more the chanting of the monks and saw again the stately ceremonial that testified to truth.

Some could take purely academic pleasure in the pathetic story of England's loss of the ancient faith, and some could be content with scholarly

regret at the emaciated state of England's present church: but to John Henry Newman the desolation round him was a call to act; the vision of the Bride in her once glorious raiment made it impossible for him to think of her remaining in rags and shame! He sprang, like a Crusader, to right the wrong and to drive forth the sacrilegious money-changers from the house of God. And soon he was the towering spirit in the despised religious movement that has completely changed the character of the established church. It were beside our present purpose to trace the steps of the great leader as he advanced from point to point in the inevitable road toward Rome. At twenty-seven he was the rector of the university church of St. Mary the Virgin, in the pulpit of which he preached, as Mr. Gladstone said, "to the combined intellect of the British empire."

Higher and higher soared his sweet soul, and deeper and deeper grew his grasp on the souls of others. Then, when the High-Church party had practically silenced the opposition (composed of British pig-headedness, middle-class no-poperyism and clerical inertia and snobbishness)—when Newman might have entered upon a career of boundless influence as admittedly the greatest intellect and loftiest thinker of his time, he staggered the minds

of men, broke the hearts of those whom he reverenced, practically admitted the charge of his enemies from the first,—that the movement was Romeward in its aim,—and, in the view of his best friends, "committed intellectual suicide" by submitting to the Catholic church! The moral splendor of such a step by such a man at such a time was, of course, not thought of; no, no! From John o' Groat's House to Land's End every pulpit in the country poured terrible denunciations upon the head of him whom yesterday they had called saint and scholar. "Judas Iscariot," "traitor," "Jesuit in disguise," "blind leader of the blind." Nothing was thought too coarse or brutal to say of the "pervert" who had actually submitted to logic, history, conscience, God!

He answered not. Then sped the quiet years, and by degrees men came to look, from time to time, for utterances from Cardinal Newman which were invariably pitched in a gentle, minor key, and thus it came to pass that the venerable oratorian attained a place in the affections of the good, the learned and the just, unique and hallowed.

Like the silvery voice of a boy that floats down from the high loft of some dark cathedral upon the bowed and troubled multitude of worshippers below; like pearls that patter upon a silver platter;

like news from home when one is far away; like that which lights the darkness of the here and now with reminiscence of the peace that was, or prophecies of that which is to be—like this did Newman's influence become.

As in so many others, his picture hangs in my house, with its sublime appeal to look, whatever the stress and storm, only and always for the Kindly Light, having caught sight of which, to count all other loss but gain. And by the side of Newman's picture I have hung that of an old Franciscan monk, sitting as cool as a cucumber under the shade of an Italian cloister, playing upon his violin the solemn sweetness of an "Andante Consolante." He has his back turned to the glaring light. And, after his *siesta*—for his own comfort as for God's greater glory—he bows away upon his fiddle there, finding his gentle way along the mystic green lanes of the music to those deep meadows, bathed in summer seas, where joy and peace are flowers, and where the very air is rest.

Without the cloister in the picture one sees that the day is hot. Men must be sweating in the vineyards yonder, and in the burning sun the humming insects swarm in irritating clouds. And on beyond, upon the hillside, the city lies whose streets must be like ovens. The world a parched and trackless

desert, where men strive to reach their *mirage*-ends; and where the old religious sits, a cool oasis, where neither houses are, nor power, nor money, but water and rest and quiet!

Along the dusty, blistered highroad a tall girl dressed in black has evidently hurried, fleeing from grief or despair or shame, and as she was about to pass the monastery gate she heard the exquisite, slow music of the old monk's Andante. The picture shows her leaning upon the door-post, listening. The monk plays on in ignorance of the poor girl's presence, the throbbing stately notes swelling forth gloriously, although he does not know that any human heart is within reach of the benediction.

On, on, on, surge the pleading notes, until their prayer is answered and tears of hope and rapture baptize the anguish from the woman's face. That picture I have hung near Newman's because I think it very beautifully pictures him in allegory. Newman was in the shadow of a cloister all his life—the cloister of a recollected and calm spirit to whom it seemed that prayer and elevation were but the normal state.

He also had his back turned to the world of glare and strenuous striving for all that perisheth. Spiritually he seemed to have dwelt in that far land "where it is always afternoon." Refreshed by the

siesta of constant practice of the presence of God, the lengthening shadows found him playing a low Andante Consolante which the whole world loves.

The world—the tall girl dressed in black, hurrying along the bleak campagnia of its doubt and hunger! Harassed, bewildered, restless and utterly worn out! Fleeing it scarcely knows from what, nor at all whither. Escaping if it can from its own fever. Struggling like maddened Titans to get that which it knows beforehand it does not want! This poor on-rushing and distracted world is pausing now as it had not done for many centuries, beside the portals of the old "Cloister by the Wayside"—the church of the living God. Beside the portal, not as yet, perhaps, wishing to enter in. But it is much that now so many stop to hear, if only as they pass, the music nowhere to be heard but there. And more than to all other reasons for this refreshing fact we must look to Newman. Men have heard his violin, and, though they knew that he was playing in a despised and much suspected and mysterious enclosure, there was no doubting that the notes he played went straight into their broken and anxious hearts. Multitudes heard and finally went in to share with him the peace past understanding. Still greater numbers listen and wait, not yet aware of the stupendous fact that the ineffably entrancing music is not a

merely mystical suggestion of what might be, but is the very living voice of one who is that peace and rest and joy for which the echoing memories and haunting cries of the human soul prove that man was made. Yes, it does seem that Cardinal Newman bore to the world precisely this attitude of my old monk in the picture. Manning fought for great causes, out in the heat and dust of men's hot midday labors. Newman awaited their returning to their homes, tired out, and talked with them, in the sweet eventide, of many things for which there had not been found time during the day.

And then at last there came the peaceful eventide of his own life. The tranquil preparation for the glad journey home. The last mass that he said, the last confession that he heard. The quiet waiting to be allowed to see his Beloved whom he had served so long and so joyously.

Fancy, toward the end, their handing him his dear old violin, too heavy now for the poor, dying knotted fingers even to hold. But as the weird fifths of the strings woke into utterance the dying ears heard the familiar tones, and, opening his great, deep eyes, he looked from one loved face to another, and a smile played about the gentle lips that never had in all his ninety-one long years been shaped save to speak love and truth. Tears welled

up from the depths—the tears as of a little child —and trickled down the wrinkled face until they met the smile, and ceased. Then he spoke his last words on this earth. Note how supremely beautiful, how of his very heart they were. He said:

"I hear music and I see the light!" In a moment he had passed to where, beyond these voices, there is peace.

The Andante Consolante of his life was finished. What was it? It had begun in childhood, and ended not until he lay down to rest eternally. It ran like the dominant through the whole chord of his character and work. It crystallizes himself. Hear it, and hope thou, also!

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see the distant scene.
One step enough for me.

When the transcendent moment toward which we are advancing shall be at hand, may we, too, hear the music and see the light!

Leo XIII.

LEO XIII.

AMONG the most vivid recollections of my youth is that of a conversation I had one day with an old gentleman, to whom may the Lord send rest.

We were walking down the principal street of the city ever to me the dearest, when, chancing to glance through a side street, I saw the colonnade and pediment of an old church heavily draped with black.

On asking my old friend the reason, he told me that the Pope was dead, and added, "There never will be another Pope!" We fell to talking of the Papacy, and, if my memory serves me, that was the first time that I had ever thought of the Sovereign Pontiff as a real being.

And I remember with what cheerfulness I heard the dear old fellow prove that with Pius IX. the Papacy had virtually passed away forever.

True, they would brick up their Eminences of the Sacred College; the most minute details of the

antique red-tape of an election would be observed; a Pope would be proclaimed, and some poor millions of men, still trammeled by tradition or swayed by interest, would kiss his slipper. But the wretched prisoner in the Vatican, shorn of his last vestige of power—a paralytic squarely in the path of progress that would not be resisted—why, such a Pope would be no more than a thin ghost of what the Pope had been to earlier and less enlightened times.

And, as the gods make mad those whom they would destroy, one might expect the early dissolution of him who, in the broad noon-day of nineteenth century reason, had flung the inconceivable impertinence of his preposterous claim of being infallible flat in the face of light!

Under the weight of that "absurdity," and as against the irresistible on-rush of "education" and "liberal" thought, truly the Papacy must, to all eyes save to the eye of faith, have borne most certain marks of speedy death. There was, however, an election; a new Pope was proclaimed, and now for over a quarter of a century the Chair of Peter has been serenely occupied by the first Pope who had to reign bereft of temporal power and to support the onus of infallibility—the Pope who was to be the mere ghost of his proud predecessors' authority, and the beginning of the inevitable end!

Who is this man? Leo XIII., the broadest-minded and most beloved of men, the Holy Father who holds within the splendid sweep of his beneficent and elevating influence more of the sons of men than any Pope from Peter's time to ours! Leo, to whom the world, within the church and out, bows in affectionate, unfeigned respect, and who has made the oldest sovereignty in Europe (stripped, too, of all its earthly power) more potent in the development of the world's destiny than all the rest, young though they be and able to enforce their will with standing armies.

It were no waste of time to think of such a man. Let us do so. The Papacy stands out in history the most sublime and constant evidence that God's ways are not as our ways nor his thoughts as our thoughts. Time after time it has seemed to the contemporary mind either to hesitate to do the desperately needed and diplomatic thing, or else to do that which no mere human policy could possibly approve. Supremely fitting opportunity for the impressive achievement of some of its confessed ends is suffered apparently to pass; and then at some most fatally inopportune and dangerous crisis the Papacy acts. A splendid situation arises on which the dramatist, with such a denouement as Papal domination in view, would surely seize,

and Rome ignores it. Again, when one would deem the temper of the world to be the very worst, when circumstances and events have shaped themselves in such a way as to preclude all hope of a successful outcome, Rome undertakes some policy or act of sublime audacity, calmly indifferent to the dictates of ordinary prudence as well as to the outbursts of powerful opposition with which she may be threatened.

For example, take this definition of Infallibility, of which we are now thinking. A score of times it would have been at the same moment more feasible and more dramatically likely of acceptation. Immediately after the awful attestation of Heaven's authorization, on the day of Pentecost, when the Apostles, filled with the Holy Ghost, might have expected the certain "Credo" to come spontaneously from all the faithful upon their promulgation of any doctrine, however vast in its demand upon the intellect.

Or when, after some centuries of almost unseen life in catacombs of abject poverty and under the contemptuous indifference of pagan power, the Church came forth into the intellectual and the political, no less than the spiritual, world as a triumphant force which must be reckoned with; when those gigantic early Leos and Gregories and Bonifaces sat on the Chair of Peter.

Or later, when she who had alone been able to meet the torrent of invasion from the North, and to survive the cataclysms subsequent to the final overthrow of the vast fabric of the old Roman Empire; when she, the Church of the new spiritual Rome, had come to be the center of all authority in everything pertaining to the new civilization and Popes were actually dispensing the crowns of Europe to monarchs who were their subjects.

When in the rigors of mid-winter an emperor walks bare-foot to Canosa to beg to be restored to Papal favor; or, later yet, when, at the zenith of the Renaissance, the splendors of the "golden pontificate" of Leo X. drew to the Papal court the scholarship, the art, the culture and the magnificence of the whole world.

Surely, at any one of those great hours of triumph or vital crises safely passed the dramatist and the diplomatist would tell us the Fisherman beside the Tiber must needs do what he would if he were ever to expect to catch men and persuade them to believe that he, a man just like themselves, was, in the most eternally important matters of the soul, infallible. But no. One after another of these supremely adventitious opportunities is lost, one "psychological moment" after another passes away unused.

The ages of faith begin to give way ominously to those of "reason," and yet Rome speaks not. The Reformation wrenches whole kingdoms from her grasp, and still the Church speaks not. The paralyzing classicism of the next age, together with the growing spirit of atheistic thought, tend more and more to show that it must very soon be all too late to hope for any other hour so opportune, and still the Church holds peace. And then, when the agnostic, speculative skepticism of the nineteenth century had dealt its staggering blow; when the political upheavals had alienated her last ally; when Garibaldian sophistry and Napoleonic treachery had brought about the wresting away of her temporal power; when the humiliating sacrilege was culminating, and the dread armies of the Savoyard were battering down the walls of Rome—then, oh, ye powers, then does the voice ring out, and Pius IX. proclaims himself infallible. Small wonder that my good old friend and millions of the wise declared that that must mean the end. But those who had ears not entirely deaf to sounds above the earth might have thought it significant that from one end of Christendom to the other there rose the answering "Credo" from those "foolish" ones with whom God not infrequently confounds the "wise."

And in a few brief years the good, brave Pius dies, and Leo is called of God to rule the church in these so perilous times.

The quaint old prophecy of the good monk Malachy was never fulfilled better than by the present Pontiff. As is well known, this prophecy, made long ago, foretells the mystic name of each succeeding Pope, and the symbolic name which the immediate successor of Pius IX. was to be known by was "Lumen de Cœlo"—a light that is from heaven. A light. An intellectual light so bright and a mind so luminous that the whole world has come to think of Leo XIII. as one of the greatest thinkers of our age.

There have been many kinds of Popes, for Popes are men, and men are different one from another. And there might thus have been selected a man who might have been remembered for his scholarship, his zeal, his devotion to archæology, Roman antiquities, or for a new and very critical edition of St. Policarp's works.

A man might have been selected because of his great personal sanctity, and he might have ruled the church in negative security from error, but wholly aloof from the tremendous movements of the world around her. In short, a Pope might well have been elected who would have been as

much at home in the remotest ages as today; but the choice fell upon Leo, and no man in the world is more a man of here and now, no other man has shown the grasp on current questions that Leo has, and there is no one more truly and effectively interested in the affairs of men and the mighty aspirations of the modern mind than he. In a very splendid sense he is "Lumen de Cœlo"—a light from heaven that illuminates all questions upon which it falls and which sees to it that no question of world import shall escape its penetrating rays.

Such, then, is the man whom the Holy Ghost has placed upon the Chair of Peter in these troublous times, and who, though bereft of the temporal power of his predecessors and surrounded by a world flushed with the new wine of the agnostic, scientific skepticism, has compelled all thinking men to recognize his intellectual and spiritual greatness.

Let us examine, then, the world in which this mighty personality has moved with such impressive and elevating force.

The last half of the nineteenth century will be remembered because of certain sweeping changes that took place in the aspect and the conditions of more than one department of human life.

Gigantic forces were at work which have left the world in a very altered state; and, of course, the

church finds herself confronted by problems the solution of which is the paramount duty of the day.

First of all, the enormous enlargement of man's knowledge brought upon education the strain of a tremendous necessity to adapt its methods, matter and scope to the new conditions.

And with an enthusiasm sometimes greater than its prudence, education has addressed itself to the great task. It is an era in which the schoolmaster is supreme. And this educational advance carries with it a most searching spirit of inquiry which has invaded all fields of learning, resulting in some cases in the complete overthrow of the established ideas of yesterday. Political economy and history have practically been re-written; while the immense field of philosophy has been traversed with a freedom, not to say audacity, that has shaken all foundations save those alone which rest upon the eternal.

The relations of men to each other, the authenticity of Holy Scripture, the results of modern thought upon the doctrinal teaching of the several religious bodies, the industrial drift and its consequences, the imposing possibilities of America's future and the significant disturbances in the far East—in short, all of the great questions that have absorbed the minds of thinkers in this hour of

world-wide agitation, have come within the purview of Leo XIII., and have felt the force of his mind.

The mind of a Pope is expressed in many ways. There is his control of the general policy of the Vatican in the political and diplomatic world; then there is the reflex of his opinion in the countless lesser matters—of the appointment of bishops, decision of cases, settlement of disputes, etc., etc., etc.; but better than all of these, can be taken as an evidence of the Pontiff's personal characteristics, the tone and subject-matter of his various encyclicals. An encyclical is simply a letter from the Pope to the faithful upon some topic of current interest. And these letters of Leo, covering almost the whole field of modern thought and tendency, prove him to be keenly aware of the tremendous meaning of the hour, and that he himself is the man of all men for the hour. The man and the hour—let us look at them.

I. Education in its broadest and loftiest sense has had in Leo a champion fearless and enthusiastic. His letters come back, time after time, to the fundamental necessity of increasing the number and the efficiency of Christian schools, and the various religious orders devoted to teaching have enjoyed the assistance of his persistent pressure upon the conscience of the world of this duty, always important, but absolutely paramount today.

Leo is a profound believer in printers' ink. The power of the press has not escaped that searching eye of his, and he has stood back of the humblest editor and writer breathing inspiration and encouragement.

Truth societies and other agencies for the wide dissemination of information upon the principles of the faith have sprung into existence and flourish under his fostering care; and the universities and schools over which the church watches have been brought abreast of the most advanced, even in those departments of purely material sciences, in which one might suppose that a spiritual mother would least be interested.

Against ignorance of every sort Leo declared and waged incessant war. When the refreshing manifestation of a determination on the part of historical students was made, that scholarship was at last going to bid defiance to prejudice, and history re-written in accordance with the facts as they might be found, Leo, by a magnificent (though scarcely theological) exercise of the "power of the keys," decided to throw open the archives of the Vatican to the scholars of the world.

Note just what that momentous event means. The Papal archives are probably the richest mine of historical documents and other antique sources

in the world. Among its treasures are to be found records of priceless value to the historian nowhere else existing. And, of course, it was universally supposed that amid those evidences of mediæval and ancient times, could one but get at them, there might be found much that would tend to scandalize the modern sentimentalist, if not to seriously affect the present Roman claims. Those silent tombs of story, what might they not contain? What sickening traces of the "human element" in those old-world Popes and clergy. What ghastly corpses of long buried truths. Thus did the horde of modern "scholars" love to frighten one another as children with their terrifying tales of "things" they see at night. Imagine, therefore, the moral, the dramatic and magnificent effect of the broad, characteristic action of our glorious Pontiff. Taking the rusty keys of his supreme authority, he turned the light of day into those dark old archives, and, bidding the scholars of the whole world enter, invited them to search and delve, collate and arrange, print, publish! Anything! Fancy the influence, upon the breastworks of stupid bigotry, of Leo calling to him all the men of learning and asking them to dig down deep into the records of the past, and then to give their findings to the world. "We want," said he, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

And while this amazing revelation—of Leo's greatness and some men's foolishness—was being made in the Pope's dark "cellar," an equally significant development was quietly transpiring upon his roof.

The Vatican observatory has come to be regarded among the most important, especially because of its extremely valuable series of celestial photographs. Night after night the great plates there receive the picture of the sky, it being well known that light so faint as to escape not the mere human eye alone, but telescopes as well, is caught upon the very sensitive and patient plates. Thus from the roof the Pope is gathering together the silent story of the works of God in far-off space as in the archives down below has slowly been collected the still more glorious story of His works of grace.

An amusing incident illustrates the sprightly "up-to-dateness" of the great Leo. A year or two ago, to the wonder of men, upon a certain night there suddenly appeared in the constellation Perseus a brilliant fixed star of the first magnitude. So glorious an arrival, of course, filled the astronomers with thrilling interest, and the telegraph sent the startling news from one observatory to another around the earth.

A new great sun had taken its stand amid its myriad sisters, doubtless to burn there until the consummation of the present order.

No similar event had ever taken place. Here, truly, was a sublime and awful manifestation of the immensity of space and of the possibilities of future firmaments. With what relish must the sweeping tubes have turned to the indicated point to welcome the magnificent newcomer.

Told of whatever happens of unusual interest, the Holy Father was informed of the appearance of the great new star, and he immediately said that they would probably find its photograph taken some time before the eye of its discoverer had lighted on it. And sure enough, there, on the roof of the Pope's house, they found a distinct photograph of the recent comer, anticipating its discovery by a considerable period.

Much of the wisdom of the world might similarly be found anticipated by Leo's genius, could one but get his profound "negatives" developed.

By a succession of timely and optimistic utterances the head of the church on earth has won the confidence and heartfelt co-operation of powerful interests hitherto antagonistic or indifferent to religion.

And when he speaks men feel that fundamental truths are being grappled by a mind that neither

hesitates nor fears. The guardian of truth, as it was from eternity, he sleeps not as he draws Time within its power.

II. If the age witnessed a great advance along all intellectual lines, it was in the domain of political economy and social philosophy that the most pronounced and profound changes took place.

Like a giant awakening to a sense of his own strength, labor began to comprehend its vital relation to capital, and there were not wanting those who stood ready to guide the working masses to the point of demanding their rights at any cost and by any means.

Only the ignorant or selfish could, at a time like ours, remain indifferent to the vast question of industrial conditions. The greatest intellects have been devoting themselves to the solution of it. Philanthropy, politics and patriotism alike demand that one do what he can to lend the weight of his opinion and his aims to the right side of the increasingly important issues. And to the task of clearly stating the relation of the church (considered as the custodian of the eternal principles of justice) to the whole question of society and the deep, complex problems that underlie it Leo has brought the brilliant powers of his large mind and the gracious qualities of his gentle heart.

And it is much that there is one who can, by reason of great intellectual parts, discuss these vital world-themes from a view-point so utterly above the world as to secure for his opinions the sanction of the certainty that he, for one, does speak as seeking absolutely nothing but the right. What other voice is there that has quite such a ring of real disinterestedness? Were Leo merely clothed with the unique and isolated powers inhering in the Papacy itself, that would alone suffice to make his views important in men's eyes as being those of one more likely than all others to take a stand related to the whole and not to a part simply (since to the Pope alone does every portion of humanity look as to a father); but in his case there is the added weight of powers purely personal, which, were he not Pope, would make him felt by the whole world.

The combination of personal and of official powers of such immense importance results in a world-force that has placed Leo XIII. in a position to wield an influence at once both wide and splendid.

And he has exercised it gloriously. His several utterances upon the labor question, especially his famous first encyclical upon the subject, brought him into the very front in the discussion.

Keenly alive to the great progress that man is making toward that democracy which, in the last analysis, alone can claim to be consistently and logically derived from Christian ethics, our present Holy Father has come to be regarded as the most cordial friend and bravest champion that the great masses of mankind now have. Within the view of this old man there rises in the future a vast new social status, in which the individual shall come at last to his full rights, and universal brotherhood, resting upon the principles of justice and humanity taught by the Son of Man, shall bring the kingdoms of this world into the Kingdom of our God and of his Christ. Ardent as are his sympathies and strong his utterances, Leo has the immense advantage of seeing all things in the safe, modifying perspective of eternity, securing the heart from haste and all unnecessary scandal and setting the vigorous restraints of fixed, unyielding principles about the gates of impulse and of—possibly righteous—passion. And with it all the man himself is found by all who come into his august presence as simple as a child, a brother to the humblest.

III. Another of the most noticeable changes wrought in these days of radical and sweeping readjustment is the abandonment by multitudes of so-called Christians of a belief in the authority and

authenticity of Holy Scripture. Every denomination of non-Catholics has been affected by the imposing strength and intellectual brilliancy of the new school of "liberal" theologians and writers, who now would seem to have attained a place of such commanding influence that it must surely be a question of "how long?" before the Bible shall have been practically relegated to a mere place of more or less antique and literary interest among the other "sacred writings." The irony of fate. indeed, is this, that the rebellion by Protestantism against the Church, one of the leading motives of which was the desire to place the Bible in the people's hands, should end in a rejection by these same Protestants of all the supernatural claims of the same Bible. "The Bible and the Bible only the religion of Protestants," was, not so long ago, the rallying cry as against the alleged indifference of the "unscriptural" old Church of Rome. And now behold! The very foremost and most learned and forceful ministers of all the great divisions of Protestantism rushing into geology, philology, paleontology, biology, and any other science in quest of arguments against the veracity and credibility of Holy Writ. And, on the other hand, the old "unscriptural" Church of sacerdotal, Popish, mediæval superstitions, standing with drawn sword to

guard the sacred book. Surely, here is a theme for angels and men to ponder, not to say weep, over. The storm center of heresy will for some time be found in and about this question of Holy Scripture.

And from his watch-tower of sleepless vigil Leo has seen the gathering of ominous clouds that threaten to obscure the radiance of the eternal word.

Mark, now, how characteristic has been the attitude and policy of the serene old Pontiff in facing this new enemy. "Lumen de Cœlo" once more sublimely acts his prophetic role. Bringing to bear the utmost force of his encouragement, and by explicit orders to those who have the practical control of the trend of study, Leo has seen to it that no department in the wide range of biblical research and all its allied kindred subjects shall fail to have the attention of the great scholars who also hold the faith. The result has been that deep, growing interest has been aroused in all the universities, and Catholic names adorn the various fields included in the general study of Holy Scripture, these men of belief proving by their admittedly great contributions to the subject that they are also men of brains and scholarship. The Pope's encyclical on Holy Scripture is a most trenchant, lucid

and telling instrument, ringing from end to end with that refreshing note of timeliness, safeguarded by eternalness, that gives to all of Leo's words their charm and glow.

What an awakening that is to be, when dear, old pious souls in the various denominations come to realize that their own ministers no longer believe in the Bible; and that, if they are to hear the glorious old truths which it contains and about which cluster all that is sacred in the memories and aspirations and struggles of life, they must betake themselves to that maligned old Church which, in their innocence, they had been led to think was the one enemy of the beloved Bible.

Yes, let the faithful thank God daily that Leo sits upon the Papal throne at such a time as this; for he completely enters into the attitude of those outside the Church and couches his great words in such a way as to secure attention and to reassure.

What somebody has called "a Bible Pope" may cause a Catholic to smile, but to have got non-Catholics to think of any Pope as "Scriptural" is a delicious triumph of far-seeing wisdom; nor does its humor measure its whole importance, either, for, as the wrecking of their former theories proceeds, the earnest ones will recognize his voice at once who speaks the eternal verities in terms of Holy

Writ, whose old familiar similes and parables and stories and very phrases are now become part of the moral tissue of their serious life. The Catholic theologian knows that the claims of holy mother Church do not depend on Scripture for either their binding force or their historical proofs; but, none the less, the astute apologist for Catholicity, in face of such an "enemy" as modern Protestantism, will scarcely overrate the value of that irrefragible line of arguments for the divinity of our religion which can be drawn from the Bible.

If one whom I would fain convince is ready to accept the credibility of one, but not of others of my witnesses, it is the part of wisdom to lay especial emphasis on that more likely testimony—even if at the time I know that the objection to all my other evidence is quite illogical and childish. This wisdom we must respectfully attribute to Leo XIII.

Some of his words on Holy Scripture might have been written by an old-fashioned, orthodox minister in a Connecticut hill town.

The manner of the present Pope attracts the non-Catholic heart, and thus his matter comes in the way of getting, at the least, a hearing.

Within the church as well, the influence of his enthusiasm has been felt deeply, as evidenced by the establishment of more advanced and scientific

courses of biblical study in Catholic universities. Here in our own land we have been recently honored by the selection by the Pope of one of the learned professors of the Catholic University at Washington to act on the great commission which was appointed by the Vatican to make an exhaustive study of the whole field of Scripture. The faithful may expect in the report of this commission, when it is finally presented, the most complete survey of what the scholarship of the whole world has achieved thus far in that most vitally important department of research.

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We have now considered the Holy Father in the three aspects of his cordial and very timely relation to (1) the scientific and educational movement; (2) the political and social movement; and (3) the advanced study of the Holy Scriptures. In each of these he stands forth easily the most important and weighty force in the world, and it would be impossible to over-estimate the influence upon the church, mankind and the future, of the fact that, in a period of fundamental unrest and radical transition, the head of Christendom was in so powerful a way a man of such superb appreciation of conditions, and withal a man of such electrifying optimism.

Such, then, was the hour—and the man was equal to the hour. The personality of such a figure in the world's drama becomes extremely interesting. Leo is no exception. Conceive a frail and bent old man, resembling a spiritual, other-worldly soul, rather than a being of flesh and blood. An eye that pierces the very heart, and yet that kindles with love and sympathy. A mind keen, active, immense in comprehension and scope, a memory tenacious and a voice persuasive and never to be forgotten. Think of the march of events of which Leo has been an eager and analytical observer. He was a man of fifty when our Civil War was raging. The war with Mexico, the French Revolution of '48, the Crimean War, the Oxford Movement took place not before the brilliant Monsignor Pecci was known in the ecclesiastical and diplomatic worlds as an astute and charming personage of importance. And the tremendous changes of the last half century have passed before the view of Leo's mind as of one who had a vital part to play in the grand action, and who could from personal observation throw every detail of the crowding scenes into the illuminating perspective of fifty, sixty, seventy, previous years of intimate acquaintance with men and measures.

The trusted nuncio at European courts, young Pecci came into touch with policies, plots, ambi-

tions, diplomatic schemes, vast programmes, when most young men are but beginning to lay the timid first foundations of a career. He has beheld the passing away of every great figure from the stage of life who played a master part when he, a rising cardinal, was in the very prime of middle age. The present men of prominence in Europe were yet unborn or mere schoolboys when Leo was an ecclesiastic of growing influence with a quarter of a century of priesthood behind him.

Affable, witty, of finest literary tastes, we are informed that to have known the present Pontiff when he was but a cardinal was to have known one of the most engaging men of the nineteenth century.

And even since his elevation to his august position in the Vicariate of Jesus Christ on earth, pilgrims bring from those brief and priceless moments spent in his presence the story of the winsome sweetness and captivating interest in one's own land, hopes, life, which Leo manifests to all who visit him.

And, above all, Americans are filled with wonder, gratitude and enthusiasm on witnessing the Holy Father's marvelous familiarity with even the details of our national peculiarities and institutions.

The President's little son falls dangerously ill, and Leo cables a tender message of sympathy and

of inquiry to the anxious parents, the White House and the Vatican being by just that bit of human kindliness brought closer to each other than they could be by any formal effort at establishing a Papal envoy at Washington.

The sorrows and the joys of princes, who by tradition are the embodiment of anti-Papal policies, have never yet escaped the sympathetic notice of the gentle Father by the Tiber, who truly feels that he is, in ways not recognized by men, but known of God, the shepherd of the sheep, although they "are not of this fold."

There went to Rome some few years since a gentleman who possibly would be accepted by all Americans as the very typical and satisfactory example of what is best and most characteristic in our breezy, strenuous, successful, happy and generous Western civilization.

This gentleman has accumulated a large fortune and attained to very great distinction as a political leader. Well groomed, democratic, approachable, versatile and sane, he is looked upon as the prince of "good fellows," the cleverest raconteur in America, and the altogether delightful aristocratic commoner, as he is to be found only in this country. Wealth has given him perfect ease and *savoir faire*, but it has not in any sense seemed to have sepa-

rated him from the masses of common men. A man long used to managing great interests and ruling armies of men, and one wholly devoid of sentimental or vapid motives. Just a huge, practical, successful, thoroughly modern fellow, the ripest fruit of the complex and mighty forces that are now shaping the differentiated type of American manhood.

Well, he—who likes to be known by us all as "our Chauncey"—went to Rome, and found no difficulty in getting a private audience of the Holy Father. Fancy those two men face to face. There may be on this earth two men more utterly unlike, but surely they were not to be easily discovered. Think of it. The venerable Pontiff, upon the very verge of death, and fairly radiating supernaturally-acquired light—a man whose feet alone rest on this earth, his mind and heart rising above the clouds of time; and, then the other. A man of the earth earthy, tingling with practical, palpable interest in things of here and now. A cheery, whole-souled, matter-of-fact, hard-headed man of affairs and of no sentiment.

Think, then, of these two men confronting one another. No emotional young woman, nor faithful soul trembling before the awful representative of Heaven, nor poet conscious of the incarnate human,

age-long, world's hope standing before him there in the bent and fragile man of ninety. No. But, on the contrary, a *blasé*, cosmopolitan, self-made and self-satisfied man of the world. Behold them there. The man of the world before the man of God. We all know the result of that short interview; for our good, genial friend has made it the fascinating subject of more than one public discourse. The American Protestant left Leo XIII. completely overwhelmed with the moral majesty, the spiritual grandeur and the intellectual loftiness of the "Pope of Rome," who, in the view of the "history," the preaching and the general opinion in which he was educated, was "the great anti-Christ," and the embodiment of ignorance, superstition and retrogression. "Never," says Senator Depew, "never did the reality of the supernatural or the nearness of the spiritual seem so clear to me as when I knelt in the presence of that holiest of human beings and heard that gentle old man ask God to bless me." The brilliant and eloquent senator may never become a Catholic, but who can doubt that the whole aspect of his mind is changed concerning Catholicity? Who in his presence is likely now to utter, unrebuked, the ancient calumnies against the church of Leo? Who shall attempt to measure the ultimate results of just that little

conquest by the Pope of one extremely typical man of this anything but faithful age of ours?

The present pontificate will be remembered by the encouraging and very general awakening of Catholics to their responsibility toward their brethren without the pale. The ever-increasing tide of conversions to the true faith has not been the mere outcome of accident, nor is there in the spirit of the times aught that could lead one to expect this Romeward tendency. More than to any other cause, for the refreshing fact we are compelled to turn to the benevolent and tactful attitude of the reigning Holy Father. And with the fine sense of a diplomatist, Leo has bent his earnest thought and loving effort especially in the direction of the great English-speaking peoples of the earth.

To the conversion of England and the United States the Pope has given thought, prayers, encyclicals and men. With his finger on the pulse of life, he has taken immediate cognizance of every indication of changing moods and tendencies. This much he has magnificently achieved, at any rate: the Catholic religion is now no longer negligible. Who reads at all must now read of Rome's claims; whoever thinks is now compelled to note the constant pressure of her insistent message; and he who sees or hears at all must now be made aware that in all

fields of action, thought, achievement or endeavor, the Church (thought only yesterday to have quite passed from "Anglo-Saxon" life) is very much alive and omnipresent.

And all this, one need scarcely say, has been accomplished without the even seeming compromise of any principle or minimizing of any truth.

One most dramatic episode of his pontificate will illustrate the "stubbornness" of Leo's grasp upon the reins of discipline and doctrine.

Ever since the tremendous change brought about in English religious life and practice by the Oxford Movement, there has been a growing body of most respectable divines in the established Church of England who have been urging the general discussion of the whole question of "Anglican Orders" and the possible arrival at some cordial understanding with the Holy See upon that fundamentally important matter.

Nor were these gentlemen without their sympathizers within the Church. Ecclesiastics of weight in France and elsewhere felt that if, upon a thorough investigation of the historical and theological aspects of the question, it should transpire that there were valid grounds, however slight, on which the orders of Anglican "priests" could be posited, a most momentous step might at once be taken in

the direction of that unity for which the Christian world yearns now as possibly never before.

Thousands of pious clergymen in England and America, believing themselves to be true priests, and conscious of the paralyzing effect of separation from the center of authority, stood ready, it was declared, to make large sacrifices and broad concessions, if Rome would but pronounce their orders valid and meet them (in minor matters of pure discipline) in the same spirit of maternal charity that she had manifested many times on the return to her communion of various oriental churches estranged from her by centuries of heresy or schism.

When one remembers all that might logically be the immediate and final outcome of such a return to visible inter-communion on the part of the learned, devoted and influential clergy of the great Anglican churches of the world, the true significance of the dramatic situation is felt.

Some of the noblest men in England, both clerical and lay, threw themselves heartily into the movement. The late great champion of all good things, Gladstone, himself communicated privately with Leo, urging upon His Holiness the very serious consequences that must inevitably flow from an adverse decision by the Holy See. "Postpone," said Gladstone, "postpone the matter, make no

decision now, unless—which may God grant—a favorable one may be determined on."

Finally the agitation reached a point where it was felt that something must be done. And then that strangest theological and ecclesiastical situation since the Reformation was witnessed. A great commission of Anglicans actually proceeded to the eternal city and placed at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff their manly and pathetic request—that for the sake of the priceless gem of Christian unity he make a thorough investigation of their claims to being truly ordained priests of the Church of God.

God alone knows, moreover, how many prayers ascended from old gray churches in the exquisite shires of England—churches that centuries before had known the warmth and life of true communication with the heart at Rome.

Visions of the old glory must have been seen by many a zealous vicar murmuring the matins and even-song in chancels that were built by priests whom long lines of the predecessors of this Leo had said were priests and of whose orders there had not been a doubt.

And many souls within the Church there were who also hoped (though scarcely with much heart) that in some way there might be found a loophole, however small, through which the clergy of the

Establishment could be induced to submit to the universal authority of the Chair of Peter.

At last the necessary machinery was set in motion among the proper congregations forming the Papal court, and, after the usual delays, made requisite by the importance of preparing a pronunciamento of final weight upon a question so far-reaching, Rome spoke. And the case was forever closed. Before reminding you, my friends, of what Rome said, give me a moment in which to ask you to consider some of the aspects of the situation as they must certainly have appeared to any eye not utterly intent upon beholding nothing but truth in its eternal and abstract light.

First of all, think of the immense immediate benefit to be expected consequent upon the admission of millions of enlightened and worthy men to communion in the Catholic Church. It would be difficult to calculate the importance of the English-speaking churches in the present condition of the development of the world.

As a stroke of far-reaching policy what could compare with the reunion of Rome and Canterbury? To secure the advantage of the great prestige of the British Empire, humanly speaking, no sacrifice could be considered too costly, no concessions too radical.

Of course, the Catholic understands that where a principle is clearly involved the Church is not free even to discuss its abandonment or modification; but here was a question upon which certain Catholic theologians were, at the least, willing to admit that there was room for investigation and which required not a discussion of any Catholic dogma, but simply the determination of a series of purely historical facts in the light of alleged new sources of knowledge. And, even after Rome had assured herself that probability lay squarely against the Anglican position, there still remained the plausible contention of the astute and pious Gladstone—that a postponement of formal decision was in every way preferable to an immediate (if adverse) settlement of the dispute.

But what, as a matter of fact, does Leo do? True to that sublime "fatality" which has made nearly all the vital steps of Rome seem rashly ill-timed, he presses the prompt and exhaustive examination of the whole question, and then shatters the hopes of every ritualist in the Episcopalian communion, crushes with a word the rosy promise of an early healing of the deepest wound in the Christian family, and silences forever the very discussion of a possible beneficent undoing of the frightful work of the sixteenth century. While the

learning, the piety and the zeal of the Anglican world listens respectfully for the yearned-for word that shall discover the breach of hope in the old walls of misunderstanding, making a rapprochement more than a dream of charity, Leo delivers his judgment, from which there is no possible appeal. "Anglican Orders are absolutely null and void." The ironical rejoinders of the English bishops show that from every human point of view no greater diplomatic folly could have been reached. But from that only point of view which an unflinching and unerring guardian of eternal truth must take, Leo's disheartening decision is known to be already bringing forth the glorious fruit which truth alone can bear, and, like all previous acts of the Sovereign Pontiffs (thought by contemporaneous wisdom to have been unwise), this also shall be found in the lapse of time to have been the timeliest, wisest and the most "diplomatic" course, being the only course consistent with the truth.

As Leo's predecessors in Tudor times lost all of England rather than countenance the unlawful dissolution of one true marriage, so Leo now in our own times declines to barter another of the sacraments for the return of England. Perhaps the providence that shapes the destiny of the old Church will come to be most clearly recognized

during our day by reason of the fact that, at a time of universal doctrinal laxity, events transpired which called for positive dogmatic declarations from the Holy See of such emphatic nature that she was thrown into that glaring contrast with all others that shows the Church to be in very deed the one and only keeper of the faith. It is amid quicksands that rocks seem most the desperately necessary thing.

Thus we have seen that our Holy Father has won the love and confidence of the whole world, while at the same time thundering into its ears the solemn and sublime reiteration of changeless truths.

What other sovereign, what other statesman, what prime minister, has been found able to guide a government or policy through the transitions and the dissolutions of the last half century without concessions so important as to almost obliterate the fundamental principles of its inception? Diplomacy attempts no more than merely the best obtainable; but Leo, defying compromise, demands the right—and gets it.

Such is this marvelous Fisherman. The Servant of the servants of God reigns now in his ninety-third year with a Father's heart and a philosopher's prudence and a general's grasp, the oldest Insti-

tution on the globe, guarding eternal principles from the corroding contact of the things of time, and yet compelling Time to feel the impact of Eternity.

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In that prophecy of the monk Malachy, Leo's successor is to be mystically known as "Ignis Ardens," which, by interpretation, means "A Burning Fire." Ominous, one must believe, is such a name as that. Are events shaping indeed toward one more time of fierce temptation and of trial for the Church's children? Who knows? There are not wanting signs of some such possible outcome of present tendencies. And the successor of our beloved Pope may have to turn from the great paths of Leo's work in education and the discussion of economic questions, to the heroic and desperate defense of the holy Church's very citadel. Who, indeed, knows?

One thing is certain. Be the great issues of the coming days what God shall suffer them to be, the field has been surveyed, the dangers all located, the armies of the defenders superbly drilled, the campaign brilliantly mapped out, by our own "Light from Heaven," our prudent, trenchant and far-seeing Leo. When that pathetic day arrives on which we shall be told that the august and ven-

erable man has fallen asleep, and that the greatest personage in Europe has passed away, our sorrow will be mellowed by the glorious thought that the eternal Light which shone in him so brightly has not gone out; but that it will illuminate the minds of those who are to name Leo's successor—yes, and will, if the stress of the unknown future shall make it necessary, kindle within the heart of that successor the flame of that supremest courage and fiercest faith that shall make him indeed an "Ignis Ardens."

Leo must go, at no far distant date, the sorrowful and lonely way of all the sons of men. But not until the consummation of the world shall Peter's Chair be vacant. And as we still look back to the magnificent achievements of many Popes, so, too, our children and our children's children will hear of the long life of the great Leo, the whole of which was given to the defending of the Church of the living God and to the winning back to her dear mother's arms the millions whom the great enemy of souls had kept from her. And, my good friends, we should not miss the inspiration of the thought that we have had this man for our own leader, and we should pay to him the tribute he would most certainly consider such by personal and very real development of all our spiritual faculties,

in order that when "Ignis Ardens" calls for crusaders in the coming wars against the Dark, we may respond: "Here. All. We are the men whom Leo trained and taught." In quite the loftiest and truest sense you and I can place upon the glorious pontificate now drawing to its end the chaplet of success, namely, by being in ourselves the kind of Catholics that Leo has outlined, both in his teachings, and, better yet, in the superb proportions of his own strong self. If there be any more inspiring thought than this, I do not know of it. And, thanking you for listening so long and patiently, I leave you with it.

B. Sir Thomas More.

B. SIR THOMAS MORE.

TO many minds outside of the Church her attitude and acts seem frequently behind the times. They see her taking a century or two to decide to do something, more centuries to do it; and the rest of time to think about having done it. Themselves belonging to little institutions, which, born yesterday, have given, even today, alarming indications of being about to suffer dissolution, they feel that whatever they would do they must do quickly, and it naturally nettles them to see the calm deliberation of the staid old mother. It must be irritating to behold the serene movements of that one institution on the earth that can draw drafts against Eternity and get them cashed. Of course we, who are children of the dear old Church, view the whole matter differently. We realize that from the earliest ages there have been scores of times when the steps taken by the Church appeared slow to the contemporaneous eye, blinded by passion or clouded by self-interest, but which,

as now surveyed from the best "coign of vantage" —the lapse of time—are known to have been precisely what the far-reaching eye of wisdom would have approved.

Nay, more than this: time after time the Church shows herself to be well in advance of the procession of mankind around her; and, when the lumbering pack-trains do at last arrive, they find that her forethought has dug the wells, lighted the campfires and made all ready for the well-being of the whole weary caravan of purblind pilgrims.

When the Church is seen to be behind a movement, the eye of the philosopher can see that her position resembles that of the charioteer, who, while behind the horses, still guides them.

My present object in reminding you of this is to bring to your notice what I conceive to be one of the most timely acts of Rome during our recent times. A few years since, running her eye back over the past in order to enrich her calendar of saints, the Church selected the names of several of her devoted children, and began the august process of their canonization. Among these we find the name of one of the most fascinating characters in history; a man who, as we shall see, offers to us (the lay folk of these practical and strenuous times) a model at once inspiring and amazingly

up-to-date. The average man must feel a sense of reassurance frequently on finding that they place the pictures of the saints high up the walls of churches, as by that very elevation one would seem to know that there is, indeed, a great gulf fixed between them and our poor, humdrum selves. Popes, doctors of the church, ecclesiastics, nuns, mystics and martyrs and apostles—we gaze at them and wonder at the supernatural power of grace in so transfiguring our common clay. Theology, moreover, distinctly teaches us that we, too, if we but correspond with grace as did those holy ones, may come to sanctity like theirs. But there can be no doubt that, by the very fact that life and duty lay, for so many of the saints, along high lines so totally distinct from those to which the call of duty has bound poor, struggling, work-a-day, plain laymen like ourselves, much of the practical and timely value of their example is lost on us.

A cobbler may admire the skill and the dexterity of a great violinist, but watching his deft fingers fretting the most extreme harmonics can scarcely help the humble fellow much in the immediate matter of pulling the wax-ends right. One finger differeth from another finger in function.

No doubt the general principles remain the same, and he who, as a monk or pope, became a

saint, did so by simply doing what he did in harmony with the divine—a harmony that lends itself to wax-ends as to the throbbing mysteries in violin strings. But general principles have no such straight road to man's appreciation as through concrete example.

We may be glad, I say, that they have pictured many of the saints so high up on the walls of churches; but when they come to put him into stained-glass windows, who is the subject of our thoughts to-night, they will do best if they do so down on the level of the pews.

No man of us but may go straight up to Blessed Sir Thomas More as man to man; and if I find discrepancy between his outlines and my own, I cannot in his case fall cowardly back upon the plea that he was, in the very nature of his surroundings and his life, different from me. No. He was at every salient point such as we are—we laymen in the world—and it was not of any of his great qualities of intellect or the external matters of his political career that holy mother Church made mention when she declared him blessed. She pointed out one thing—and it was just that virtue to which the humblest and the least gifted may constantly aspire — namely, his courage — blunt, manly, moral, glorious courage to profess and to

defend the faith amidst the general apostasy and under the tremendous pressure of popular and plausible agitation, to bend to which would have meant power unlimited and opposition to which meant ignominy, ruin and death.

Surely no action of the Church during our times surpasses in usefulness this most inspiring selection of the bluff and forth-right old Sir Thomas More to be the subject of our emulative thought and study.

Look for a moment at the surprising ways in which his very personality is of the utmost interest to us. Note, if you please, how singularly the great old Chancellor may be called brother—my brother and your own.

In the first place, he was a married man, God bless him. I am with him. He had a growing family—again we follow him. He was at first a struggling young lawyer, and his ambitions, disappointments, worries, were such as ours. After the children had gone scampering off to bed, he leaned upon his chimney shelf and planned and feared and hoped, even as we do now and men will do so long as fatherhood brings care and sweet anxieties to earnest hearts. The competition and the stress of life weighed upon him as on ourselves. He felt the sting of jealousy and the bite of hate

from meaner men, just as all must who shall attempt to make of honor a working-mate and of truth a spouse. Considering the glaring opportunities of his career, he lived and died a poor and unpretentious man.

He moved a hale, honest, cheery, squarely-built man among his neighbors, and even after his advancement to power and state remained the simple chap who loved a few tried friends, a good old book and quiet by his homely hearth. A scholar without pedantry, a Christian without boast, a politician without money and a gentleman without prejudice.

Such was the charming personality of this new one of the Beatified. The marks, at least, are those which every gentleman today would wish his friends to observe in him, and, more important, they are of such a nature as to encourage every gentleman to hope that he may find them in himself —himself, where no pretense avails or seeming is thought worth while.

But the usefulness of Blessed Thomas More to you and me is not confined to the consideration of his so winsome personal characteristics, potent as we believe these to have been.

The times in which he lived that strong, good life of his were such as to enhance the value of the man to us as an example immensely.

While it is true that history does not repeat itself, save in the mere rhetorical appeals of special pleaders, there do come times when the convulsions and drifts of life result in throwing the world into perspectives whose general lines resemble those of some anterior time.

Periods of rest succeed to periods of transition. Time is required for the digesting of the new-found truths, a generation or two having to pass before mankind can grow accustomed to the new conditions.

Then, after this quiet chewing of the cud has been accomplished, the stirrings of desire for still more life begin to manifest themselves, and presently the world is once again in all the throes and birth-pangs of feverish change. It naturally follows that they who live in periods of one kind or the other are called upon to pass through similar experiences to those of their forerunners whose lives were cast in a like time.

And during the Christian era no two such similar convergings of the lines of life have been experienced as those presented by the state of things during the times of good Sir Thomas More and our own times.

One may immediately locate him when one recalls the fact that More was a schoolboy of

twelve or thereabouts when Christopher Columbus returned from that momentous voyage which turned the world itself half over.

This means that More's mature years were those which saw the Renaissance at its bright zenith. And that means that he lived amid the most tremendous currents of unrest and change the world has known except alone in our own days. And it was not in the mere fact that both were times of restlessness and change that his and our own days can be considered similar. The causes of the movements were alike, the arguments advanced for the proposed departures, the grouping of the various schools, the manifest results of the aggressive efforts, the scandal, dread, uncertainty and action and reaction—all of the features of the spiritual and intellectual and social revolution grew from the same conditions and reflected the same controlling motives.

As one recites the causes of the transitions of More's age and traces their effects, it might almost be thought that the description was of the last half of the nineteenth century. Recall some of the features now.

When the crusaders came back from the East they brought under their palmers' robes queer pigskin and papyrus parchments, and when the West-

ern mind had rubbed its intellectual spectacles in order to decipher the uncouth scrolls, men cried: "Why, it is Greek!" It was, indeed, Greek. And in a century or two Europe had waked to the magnificent and blinding beauty, the subtle and profound philosophy—in short, to all the glory that was Greece. And art and poetry and music burst forth from underneath the iron weight of the stern feudal system. Schools multiplied. The eager brain of man began to question the material universe around him. New sciences sprang into audacious life. The telescope was pushing the spangled mystery farther and farther off and bringing more and more of the conjectured within the domination of the known.

The earth, complacently supposed to be a central, fixed, immense plateau (the throne of his imperial majesty, man), had just been set off spinning into space, a quite infinitesimal and insignificant small ball, of which there were some untold myriads immeasurably larger and more important humming around the trackless wastes of space.

Geology was most impertinently also cracking the crust of that same little ball and catching God at his creative secrets.

Medicine, breaking away from its long, disreputable partnership with necromancy and the black

arts, was probing the very mystery of life itself and sneeringly demanding of theology proof of the soul's existence, no trace of which could be discovered in the inmost recesses of the brain or heart, as these revealed their secrets to the remorseless knife.

Printing was just invented and making it possible for any man's idea to reach all other men in briefest time.

And here comes this Columbus to tell us that there is a whole world beneath our feet, teeming with wealth and opening to the imagination a dream of greatness that must soon throw all of the yesterdays into the pitifulest paleness. A larger life, the new learning, to-morrow—these were the splendid battle-cries that rang through Europe when young More went up to Oxford to get his education. How like our own time this! Small wonder that the universities were drunk with the new wine of intellectual pride. Rich soil, indeed, for the rank weeds of hasty generalization and that illogical revolt against authority, on the absurd ground that those who possessed it did not at the same time possess specific knowledge (wholly outside their province) which nobody in fact possessed until the day before.

We have seen lads go to college in our time. They come back sophomores for the first vacation.

At once we note the lofty air that always marks the man who knows too much to still believe in God. On questioning the calf, we learn that he has learned the names of half a score of bugs or microbes and bacteria. He prates about the trammels of orthodox belief; chats jauntily about abiogenesis and protoplasm, and gives one to understand that, being abreast of the advanced thought of the day, he, of course, no longer accepts the supernatural claims of Christianity, and—he might add—no longer feels the necessity of taking the ten commandments seriously. Few young men can pass through the ordeal unhurt. Behold More as he passes through it. The case is parallel.

When the boy More reached Oxford he found that great seat of learning divided and astir, as were all schools, by reason of the irresistible and brilliant campaign which had been waging upon the part of the "New Learning."

Greek, mathematics and the new sciences were rallying to their study all the most forceful, younger and gifted men of the age.

But because of the apostasy of many and the moral and political errors which many of the "new" teachers insisted in mixing with their purely scientific postulates, there grew up a nervous dread upon the part of older and more conservative men.

These tendencies and reactions produced a spirit of almost malicious anti-ecclesiastical feeling among the men of the New Learning; and also a contrary spirit of timid and suspicious dislike among the elder and more devout.

Young More thus found himself between two diametrically opposing forces when he began his scholar's life at Oxford. Upon the one hand were the progressive, brilliant men to whom he would be naturally drawn by his own very extraordinary intellectual powers; and, on the other hand, there were the older, holier, safer men, to whom the lad, with his pure heart and singularly saintly character, would certainly turn for light and guidance.

It is intensely interesting to watch the little fellow as he goes through that difficult and necessary path in which so many thousands of our sons have made ship-wreck of faith encountering precisely the same dangers, and yet through which he passed magnificently, proving that he—admittedly the greatest intellect in Oxford at the time—not only found it possible to reconcile the most advanced thought with humble faith, but valiantly to throw the gauntlet down before the enemy, declaring that it is folly to maintain there is the slightest inconsistency between the two; for here is he, Sir Thomas More, scholar and saint—let him who

dares deny it. It was not long before the learned men of Oxford began to realize that More had brains of most exceptional brilliancy. His fame as a Greek scholar had reached even the great Erasmus. And in the newly aroused interest in mathematics and the physical sciences he soon became an enthusiast, and in time a recognized leader. His keen imagination, fortified by thought and wide research, was already giving promise of the deep impress that it was destined to leave on the literature of England.

We may imagine, therefore, with what pride he must have been regarded by the progressive scholars at the university, and how they must have urged so hopeful a beginner to declare himself of the "New," leaving to the pious (and brainless) the care of those worn-out beliefs that even now were giving signs of speedy dissolution.

And, on the contrary, when it was learned by his confessors that God had sent a very saint to Oxford—when they discovered that the lad wore next his body the torment known as the "hair shirt" —when they beheld the frequency and fervor of his reception of the sacraments, how the devout old souls must have prayed that he might not be lost by playing with those scientific dangers that had destroyed so many of their choicest.

Doubtless he was reminded on more than one occasion that neither in Greek odes nor problems in mathematics nor chemical analyses was there salvation. Note, now, the bearing of this new saint of ours.

Declining to rush ahead over the brink of arrogant assumption with the progressive hot-heads and to hold back from free investigation with timid and illogical conservatives, More took his stand where there is desperate need that men of faith and brains stand also in our day.

"What was true is true," we might have heard him say, "and therefore I hold to my last hour all that is held by the one holy Catholic and apostolic Roman Church, but my sword hand I keep free, also, so that I may be found in the forefront of them that fight for knowledge. And thus, when any gem of truth be found in any remote corner of the universe of God, I shall be there as soon as any else, to the intent that I may claim the new truth in the sweet name of Christ." The astronomical observatory upon the Vatican should certainly be dedicated to Blessed Sir Thomas More, and every Catholic investigator in advanced laboratories make him his patron saint. Abreast of the bravest and anchored to the eternal principles of Catholic truth, what a sublime, what an inspiring model!

As soon as he left Oxford More married and launched out upon the practice of the law. Being the son of a respected judge, the young barrister advanced, perhaps, somewhat more rapidly than he might otherwise have done. At all events, these first few years of life in the world found him a cheerful, unselfish, sturdy, wholesome sort of man that men liked well to call their friend and feared to have for enemy.

At home devoted to the education of his children, his books, his quaint, old, puttering, literary and antiquarian work. Abroad, a coming man of large ambition, singular contempt for place and riches, and withal one whom wise ones said it would be worth while to watch and placate.

Uneventful enough are those first years of the great Chancellor's life, afterwards to be so crowded with breathless dramatic interest.

As if the key were being set for the sonata of his whole tragic life, strangely enough, his first appearance upon the stage of public life in any noticeable role was his startling opposition in the House of Commons, which brought Sir Thomas into the public eye, and, what was more significant, under the very violent displeasure of the king.

Such an untoward event, moreover, meant more in those days than it would today. At that time

if the king said, "Thumbs up," it was, indeed, thumbs up. Monarchy then was limited by very little other than its own sweet will. And on the royal pleasure hung for the ambitious their only hope. Now it seemed that the king's sister fancied herself in need of some poor thousands more of income for "pin money," and so it graciously pleased her royal brother to notify the loyal Commons that His Majesty had deigned to allow them to tax themselves for the additional amount required for the increased "pin money" of Her Royal Highness. "Thumbs up," and every thumb went dutifully up save only More's, which went, against all precedent, stubbornly down. The splendid speech he made in opposition to the royal mandate is the first democratic utterance of that age.

More realized his peril, and prophesied an ignominious defeat of his amendment at the hands of the subservient Commons. Fancy his glee, therefore, on finding that his protest had prevailed, and that the princess was flatly told that she must worry along as best she could without the increased income. His parliamentary victory he knew must mean his private ruin; but he is now a man with influence over other men, marked for destruction, possibly, but branded because they feared him. This was for Thomas More all that was desired.

He was felt. He was a force no longer negligible. Henceforth he must be reckoned with in the affairs of state, in the development of England. He was philosopher enough to see that troublous times were coming upon his country and the world; and, as in his quality of scholar he had rejoiced to mingle thoroughly equipped in the very thick of the great struggle of the "New" against the "Old," so now he joyously was girding up his loins for the tremendous issues soon to be fought in the much larger school of life.

The king was furious. Not only More himself felt the full force of the royal rage, but even his father was stripped of his judicial ermine and dark days had indeed fallen upon the family.

But tyrants are not always fools, and Henry's dearest foe never charged him with any lack of brains. Events soon showed that he was wise enough to see that stuff like that of which Tom More was made had priceless value, could one but get it safe into one's service.

Charming enough to be authentic is that tradition which tells that, on a day, as More, with book in hand, was taking the air back of his house, his favorite daughter Margaret came running to him, shouting with childish glee that a brave cavalcade was there, all in the bright king's livery.

And, sure enough, it was a summons from the king himself. More was to go at once to Whitehall to the king. His good-byes to his beloved ones must have been embittered by the fear that it must be forever. This summons, surely, could have no explanation save that the blow so long impending was at last to fall. Night had already fallen when the stout-hearted Commoner was ushered into the royal presence. The king stood looking forth into the darkness, and seeing More drop on his knees, ran to him cheerily and bade him rise. "Nay, nay, man," shouted the king, "we sent for thee for quite another purpose than that thou fearest. Look, man, the night is dark; no sight of moon or stars. And yet were any of our lords who fatten on our smiles here with us, and we should say, 'My lord, behold how fair the moon shines,' each wagging, lying head would answer us, 'Your Majesty, we never saw the moon so fair.' But, More, if we say now to thee, see how the moon shines, by heaven, man, thou wouldst turn 'round upon that honest heel of thine and say, 'Your Majesty, you lie.' We want thee near us so truth may reach us when there is need of it."

That were a portfolio worth having in any cabinet. What one of us but would enjoy the execution of that commission from time to time? But

to a man like More it must have seemed sufficient reason for having been born at all. He eagerly accepted the delightful task, and thence sprung up that singular and most dramatic intimacy of that man of truth with the two Tudor monarchs, who were in all respects farthest from him in nature.

At last the power and brilliancy of his grand mind were fittingly staged, and the true drama of Sir Thomas More begins.

From one degree of royal favor to a higher the man advances, but lacking one certain mark of such careers—he remains poor. His strength lies in his very independence; they need him, fear his integrity, lean on his marvelous conscience. Then, while still at the mere threshold of early manhood, he is created the Lord High Chancellor of England, being the youngest man—the only layman—who had ever occupied that most exalted station.

For a moment consider just what that meant. The various courts of early England, like our own, were much embarrassed by the fine technicalities of due procedure. Red-tape and precedent, order and formality delayed or quite frustrated the ends of justice, and the poor litigant, wearied and mulcted in sums frequently larger than the amount at stake, despaired of getting his rights at all. Thus it was felt that there should be a court free from

the rules that guided (not to say, neutralized) the ordinary tribunals. To this court, to be presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury himself in character of Lord High Chancellor, might come at will whoever had a grievance, and, without lawyers, writs, summonses, postponements or Dogberry tomfoolery, state in plain English what he desired or claimed. Each morning in old Westminster Hall sat the Archbishop to render judgment on the sole ground of God's commandments, good conscience and downright common-sense. This court came, therefore, to be known as the Court of Conscience, the Court of the common people, the Court of God.

No layman until Thomas More had been Lord Chancellor. In itself this is a signal mark of his acknowledged probity.

Our Saint is now, therefore, at the summit of his career and every way the mightiest man in England. Let us review the state in which the world abroad was at the time. The forces of disintegration and of transition have been at work. The very foundations of society, the church, the school and the state are beginning to feel the effects of the persistent and ruthless assault upon authority. Reverence has given place to a spirit of contemptuous disregard for principles and law, while

the intoxication consequent upon the sudden evolution of the scientific idea has imperiled the equipoise and synthetic restraints of true reason.

Revolt along the whole line awaits only the voice of those daring enough to make the academic theories of the schools the touch-stone of a political, religious and social programme of action.

Men's minds were ready. All that was needed was the strong arm of those prepared to put the revolutionary principles to the test practically.

Nor was the waiting long. Soon every province on the continent was rocking under the awful blows of almost universal rebellion. And Rome saw section after section of the map of Europe pass from her ancient sway into the devastating whirlwind of frenzied theory.

But Britain swerved not. Secured by isolation or for some still unseen divinely ordered purpose, the Catholics throughout Great Britain held stoutly by the Holy See. When Luther had nailed his thesis of protest on the cathedral door, Henry VIII. it was who answered and refuted the German's heresy. And the good Pope, elated at this mark of royal fealty to truth, sent him the apostolic benediction and styled him the Defender of the Faith. Again tradition furnishes a gorgeous subject for the historic painter. Let us imagine the

coming of the magnificent cortege to Winchester, bearing the Papal blessing to the faithful king.

Along the boot of Italy, and down the sweet French valleys, had the long train of great ecclesiastics come, mounted on milk-white mules.

Shipping at St. Malo, a few days would have brought them to Portsmouth, and then a journey of a day or two to Winchester, where was the king.

Picture him throned and crowned and waiting, with his court, the coming of the bearers of so rich a gift. And, leaning on his chair, the young Lord Chancellor, in his accustomed leather coat, his brown hair tossed above his strong, fair face never so happy.

The solemn reading of the great parchment done, fancy the joy of the crusader's heart that was Sir Thomas More's. Hear him exclaim: "Your Majesty, this is the brightest day of all your reign. God, but it makes one think the wheels of time turned back and Merry England at her best once more. For, as when news did come that the good Hermit Peter on Clermont plain had told the shame of our Lord's Sepulcher in Paynims' hands, it was our Richard, he of the Lion's heart, that struck the mightiest blow to right that sacrilege, even so now, when news hath come that not the sepulcher in which the dead Christ lay, but the

more glorious tabernacles of the hearts of men, where the living Christ doth lovingly vouchsafe to dwell, be by the sacrilegious hands of heretics assailed, behold, again it is the King of England that doth draw, not now the sword, but that which is much mightier, the pen, to right the wrong." Could Henry have died then! He lived. And in a little while the new "Defender of the Faith" was breeding, by his lust, the foulest chapter in all that long, black story that tells of a world's passing from the light of faith into the endless quest for rest where there can be none, and light where there is neither sun nor moon.

That story one would, indeed, pass over, but it is on its dark and forbidding background that the fair character of blessed Sir Thomas More stands out in all of its nobility and steadfastness.

There does not appear to be any very certain account of the beginning of the king's attachment to the unfortunate mother of Elizabeth, but it is of all such unlawful affairs the one which has had the most frightful and lasting effect upon mankind, dragging down to its malign results millions of innocent beings and giving the very history of the world a sinister bent from which it is only now beginning slowly to recover. How horrible that the base amours of one vile Tudor monster should have

cut off from the Church of God so many souls and plunged the British people into the wretched state of schism, irreligion and bigotry in which we find them for so long. That merry dance at old Sir Thomas Boleyne's house, to which the jovial king went to escape the weariness of court—that dance with the young daughter of his host, in which the fatal fires of uttermost dishonor were enkindled—that dance of death! Had that dance of hell not been danced, there would have been no "reformation" in England, Ireland would have been spared centuries of persecution and the glorious old minsters and abbeys and cathedrals of England would still belong to the God in whose honor they were built. But it was danced, and from adultery to Protestant rebellion is always a quick step. Reformers usually begin by modifying the ten commandments. Luther and Henry began alike.

With the king's determination to take up with the pretty wanton begins the most amazing and monstrous debauching of a race and prostitution of all principles of justice and decency that this long-suffering globe has ever been called upon to endure.

The absolutely transparent hypocrisy of the king (who only yesterday was the champion of the Pope) did not prevent the truckling universities and

cringing prelates from blasphemously justifying open adultery by the very Scriptures, and declaring it to be the will of Christ.

Think of those solemn old hypocrites at Oxford actually taking months to investigate the matter of the king's divorce—just a plain case of desire for a new and younger wife—and then, with such a show of canonical and legal learning as never was, assuring His Majesty that if there was one thing above another than heaven demanded that he do, on pain of sin, was (oh, ye powers!) marry Anne, or anybody else, for that matter.

"We never saw the moon so fair." So said the universities; so also said the Simonious ecclesiastics fattening upon the revenues robbed by the king from the religious orders. What possible objection could such a sycophant and vile wretch as Cranmer raise to any little peccadilloes of the king? So, with all heads wagging, and all thumbs up, poor Catherine is flung aside, and the merry marriage bells ring for the royal nuptials.

Consider Cranmer unctuously pronouncing over the royal paramours: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." It must have been difficult for even a finished liar like himself to keep from laughing. And the worst of it was that, now that the king had got into the knack

of marrying, he kept his poor Archbishop busy declaring him indissolubly united to a new woman every little while.

But while the populace feasted on cakes and ale and whole sides of good old English beef, and the universities kept glib opinions constantly in stock (guaranteed to fit any king); and comfortable Episcopal dignitaries, with comely wives and favorites, stood ready to furnish royal divorce with neatness and dispatch, and re-marriages while you wait—during this Saturnalia of vice and degradation in the name of religion, there was one voice in England that yet refused to tell the king that in the utter blackness of that night of shame the moon or any other light was shining.

More had, indeed, turned on that honest Chelsea heel of his, and bluntly told the king the ugly truth. And then began the most tremendous efforts on the king's part to win the countenance of his great Chancellor.

When the last history of man's nobility shall have been written, there will be found no brighter pages in all its splendid story than the account of Thomas More's stand, single-handed, against his age, his country and his king. He brushed aside the sophistries of the two universities; he flung their own old lessons back at the apostate bishops;

he spurned the princely offers of the king; he faced, with perfectly sublime courage, the gathering blackness of his total ruin and death. And all for what? Simply because he said that, as a Catholic, he could not yield a principle of morals. There is a world of meaning in Henry's untiring effort to secure, if not the open, positive approval of Sir Thomas, at least his silence and negative countenance. He had accomplished his purpose, he had married Anne Boleyne, he had the clergy in his pay and power. But he, poor wretch, seemed to feel desperately the need of the good wishes of some one not as base as he—to have the friendship of just one true man.

So, even after there was no need to have the approval or countenance of anyone for any horrible butchery or lust that his black heart might hatch, the king continued to attempt to win back More.

Disguised as a waterman, at dead of night, he goes to Chelsea. The light is burning in the scholar's room. An apple flung up at the casement brings More in the dark, and these two men pace up and down till day-break fighting it out. But the Lord Chancellor has not forgotten the awful oath he took on first assuming the office. So, though he knows it must mean the final blow, he shakes the king off, boldly declaring: "Your

Majesty has robbed himself and me of a sound night's sleep. And to no purpose. The whys and wherefores of Thomas More, rate-payer in this old parish, can matter little to anyone, and least of all to Your Majesty, who has the approbation of learned universities and the blessing of bishops. What ekes it, therefore, what I, plain Thomas More, may or may not think? But if Your Majesty has come to inquire of the Lord Chancellor of England concerning the matter of the divorce, then may it please Your Majesty to hear. I summon you to appear before our Court at Westminster at ten of the clock to-morrow, and then, as though Your Majesty were but the humblest wight in all Your Majesty's kingdom, I shall give judgment on your cause in strict accord with my own good conscience; for that were indeed a thing too pitiful, to wit, that the first man that ever failed to get full justice for his cause in my high court should be my king. Count on the truth, Your Majesty, from me at all times." The king did not appear.

When we remember the colossal fortunes which Henry heaped upon his tools and the almost pathetic longing for More's friendship—which never died out—we may form some estimate of the pressure of temptation to which the great heart of Sir Thomas must have been constantly subjected.

And the circumstances were such as to have given a conscience less exquisitely attuned than his broad grounds for entertaining genuine doubt as to its dictates. Had not the most learned men in the country, after exhaustive discussion and research, declared that there was nothing in the canon law to prevent the divorce under the existing circumstances? More was but a layman, and had not the two archbishops and the clerical Houses of Convocation—surely better able to determine matters of conscience than he—also declared in favor of the divorce? And, again, the king did not require that More give any formal approval, but simply that he do not oppose it. It would require no very far-fetched casuistry to find a loop-hole in such conditions, for an escape from ignominy and death.

But the inexorable conscience of the brave old Chancellor set over against the quibbling of the lawyers the plain, unvarnished ten commandments and his own sense of honor; and as against the fawning, manifestly interested complacency of the English bishops, he was content to take his stand by the side of unflinching Rome.

Continuing, at the king's insistence, to hold the Lord High Chancellorship, Sir Thomas More

comes at this period of his life to occupy the most pathetic and sublime position ever known in English history.

Around him everything is passing rapidly without the pale of that old Church which he knew well was the one source and guarantee of a people's greatness and which he loved with a romantic enthusiasm.

Men who had taught him truth as a little child he now saw bartering their very souls and selling those same truths for the filthy mess of a foul king's favor. The Merry England of his boyish love and manhood's devotion, as if in very deed possessed of the Evil Spirit, was floundering in crimes unspeakable and wallowing in the mire of spiritual abominations, sacrilege and apostasy. The stout crusader that he was, More must have felt how utterly the age had ceased to be a possible theatre for men like him to live and fight in. Indeed, there runs through his later words that constant note of one who feels that they have cast him for no role in the new drama, and whose heroic costume looks strangely out of place amid the buffoons and the clowns and baser fellows that seem to be about to hold the center of the stage. No more terrible count in England's long indictment is found than this, that Thomas More had come to seem incongruous among his fellow countrymen.

The havoc proceeds, and Henry begins to add a series of monstrous legal murders (of his own queens) to the list of his other atrocities.

Tiring of his loosely-formed matrimonial co-partnerships, and having discovered that—for a price—the ten commandments can be modified by one's own archbishops, and black proved white by one's own Oxford, the merry monarch fell to cutting off the heads of his queens and crowning the fair successor—whom he was always prudent enough to have, as it were, on cold storage against any sudden emergency.

And, of course, the breach between him and his Lord Chancellor widens. Nor is far-off Rome indifferent to what is happening in that Walpurgis Night which we now style "the English Reformation."

Warnings, entreaties, fulminations had been entirely wasted upon the brutal sensualist frenzied by lust and on the vultures hovering above the rich repast of despoiled monasteries and convents which the brute promised them in return for their souls.

At last the king decided that it was time that his precious new church should have a head. What better head could it have than the king himself? And, as a matter of fact, Henry was certainly an expert on heads. So once more to ask our dear,

complacent bishops and our wise universities what they think of the moon! Tomes are ransacked, treatises written, interminable debates are holden; and then—with perfectly straight faces, too—the bishops and the universities both assure the king that they never saw the moon so fair. Isn't that delicious? So here we are with our own church, our own head for it, and as many wives as you choose. No Popery! Long live the glorious Reformation, and the church as by Parliament established, and divorce and murder and Simony and robbery—and all our "Anglo-Saxon" liberties.

And the Lord High Chancellor has resigned. He has fled from the stage upon the very beginning of this second act of the Devil's Drama. But, strange to say, the king does not allow him to depart without a final effort to secure his silence and negative support. To no avail, of course; for More shakes off the leprous touch of the king's hand in such a way as to prepare us for the last hurrying episodes before the awful tragedy comes to its bloody end. Those who knew the character of the two men felt that it could now be but a question of how and when the king might finally decide to destroy the one man whom he had loved but could not—after his own fall had made it necessary—debauch or corrupt.

Presently the curtain is rung up for the last act, and, the magnificent climax being about to arrive, More meets it as only a saint and knight and staunch good fellow can. Clapped into the Tower upon the farcical charge of high treason, he had almost twelve months in which to loosen the tender and therefore tenacious ties that bind a man of fine feeling and true heart to so much that is worthy of it all in this sad world.

A year, lacking a few days only, More lay there in that Tower that has contained so much that was heroic at the sublimest crises of England's life.

And daily came his beloved daughter Margaret to cheer him from without by talking to him through the high window of his cell.

And it was in this dungeon that his imperishable sense of humor so often rescued him from the almost inevitable temptation to despair. As, for example, when chiding his daughter for pitying him so, he cried: "Fie, foolish child, that you should call this place of opportunity such evil names. Why, Madge, my child, these were the first eleven months of quiet that I have had in years; but, but don't tell your mother, child" (the mother being More's second wife, a woman much older than himself and of a peppery temper and tireless tongue, who one may conceive to have been

suffered to marry the good Sir Thomas to prove him—putting up uncomplainingly with her—a saint beyond all cavil.

Seriously enough that prison was a "place of opportunity" for the great soul that waited and prepared itself from day to day for the supreme sacrifice that was to seal a life of splendid manhood and make it possible for Englishmen for evermore to claim one moment and one man whose moral grandeur and spiritual greatness cannot be dimmed by any story of man at his sublimest best in any age or clime.

At last the plotting and the intrigue had been sufficiently advanced to make some show of decent legal process against the prisoner in the Tower, who, notwithstanding the general apostasy, was still the most beloved man of the people. His enemies knew this, and no one knew it better than the king. Henry would have been glad, indeed, if some way might have been discovered to save More's life and at the same time the royal dignity.

The charge was treason, the body of his crime consisting in certain seditious and treasonable writings and words wherein it was alleged More had at sundry times declared the king no head of Christ's true Church, and item, sundry pernicious utterances pertaining to the king's divorce.

To these Sir Thomas entered a general plea of "Not guilty," basing his defense (which he of course realized was entirely useless) upon the perfectly consistent argument that he had certainly expressed to His Majesty and others his scruples of conscience on these two points, as any free Christian man might do; but that he had neither done nor abetted any the least acts or opinions treasonable against the king's majesty, whose loyal and tried liege servant he was prepared to prove himself against all comers. To the attacks of his lay enemies More gave the very point of his tremendous lance of outraged scorn; but it was his reverent and pitying demeanor toward the ecclesiastics that must have burned into the very quick of their right reverend and wrong reverend consciences, seared though they were.

What a dramatic and awful contrast that between a brave and doomed lay champion of the Church, about to die for his unflinching fealty to truth, and these ordained ecclesiastics, sitting in Judas judgment on him for being true to that which they had been made priests to teach, but which they had now sold for money and power and lust.

The sentence of the court was death. The greatest head in England was ordered to be cut

off at day-break of the morrow and his poor body quartered and put upon the four corners of the walls of London.

The wretched king meanwhile was straining every point to save his old best friend, and there is reason to believe that once or twice a straw of hope seemed almost strong enough to float success upon.

If only More could be prevailed upon to let the belief be spread that he had changed his mind. Just that—to let it be thought that he had yielded to the royal pleasure. He need say nothing, do nothing against his stubborn conscience, if he would only suffer the false impression to get abroad that he had at last submitted, like a good, comfortable man and sound friend that he was, and joined the universal company of prudent chaps who ate the king's bread in snug contentment, asking no questions for conscience sake. Surely, the king held, the man might do that much to save his neck and the royal stomach from this last bit of villainy at which it threatened to revolt. But More had learned his ethics at too old a school and had not the advantage of a "reformed" conscience.

Once, through a bit of humor, the king almost had his way, and it was for too brief a time cur-

rently believed that the beloved Chancellor had been restored to the king's favor, and, of course, to life.

Maddened by the stupidity of his advisers, who were unable to suggest escape from the impending and inevitable catastrophy, Henry at last found one of his tried councillors who was prepared to get the stout and obdurate prisoner to change his mind. And thus it fell. Sir Thomas had ever been smooth-shaven as a priest until his long imprisonment, when, having no razors, his beard had grown and now fell in quite a venerable sweep over his breast. Not long before his execution, sitting one morning in his prison cell, he was jocosely holding high debate as to his shaving off his beard or keeping it on the day he should be seen by his old friends for the last time upon the scaffold. "I'll take it off," quoth he, "and then my friends shall see me die as I had lived amongst them. Nay, that were not kind. I'll leave it on, and so mask my last agony from loving eyes. But stay, that were a coward's trick, and men might say 'he was ashamed.' I'll take it off—no, I will leave it on." Thus did the heart, unterrified by the approach of death, relieve the darkness by lighter, playful thoughts. And, as it happened, just at that moment came the king's messenger to beg that he do change his mind; and

More, his thoughts still running on about his beard and willing to have a jest, said that he had that very day changed his mind. Catching at the hope eagerly, the king's commissioner hurried away, and the news that the beloved Lord Chancellor was not to die but was restored to the king's favor ran quickly about the country and called forth so genuine and wide-spread enthusiasm that the advisers of His Majesty feared more than ever the possible results of the execution when it should take place.

We know, alas, that the too sanguine courtier was sadly mistaken, and that Sir Thomas More was made of that sterner stuff that does not "change." His daughter knew this also; for when the gallant fellow hastened to tell her that it had pleased the king to pardon her father, she cried out: "And why hath the king done so, my lord?" "Because," he answered, "your father hath changed his mind." Whereat the lady drew herself up as a true child of such a father should, and, looking straight into the eye of the king's henchman, said fiercely: "My lord, you lie. My father hath not changed his mind—or, if he hath, he is no more my father."

So, on the day appointed the tragic end was reached, and, as the king had said, the martyr's blood did sow a crop in England's soil of which no man has yet seen the last or the most telling fruit.

The harrowing details are well known to the most casual student of English history. The way in which brave men face death is human nature's chief claim to greatness; and when, as in More's case, the issue and the principle for which the awful sacrifice is made is just one's inability to tell a lie —to truckle to a dominant and popular misstatement—or to keep silent in the face of general apostasy, it seems to me that men are not permitted by their very nature to climb much higher the glorious heights of moral grandeur. To brave that terrible ordeal in any fashion were heroism enough, but to approach it, as did More, with the light-hearted unconsciousness of being at all beyond any plain man's plain duty; to die with the same innocence of moral superiority with which one would discharge the simplest duty of the daily round; to be surprised that anyone should even consider any other course than telling the blunt truth—this lifts our saint at once to a sublime height, truly. And yet (and this is his peculiar usefulness to us hum-drum, plain plodders in the toil of life) it is a virtue and a type of strength native to our condition and having hourly opportunity for exercise.

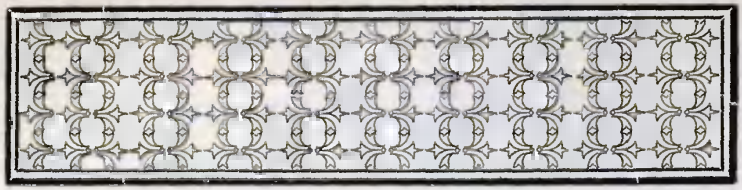
The day at last arrived, and More was led forth from his cell to die. Turning the corner of the Tower in passing to the scaffold, he was distressed

to meet his daughter, Margaret Roper, who, falling on her knees, begged his last blessing. Holding her dear, sweet face between his hands, he looked down yearningly into her eyes and said: "This is not kind of you. You should have let your daddy die as I have tried to live—bravely, my child. Go, daughter, go yonder behind the Tower, where I shall not see you, and you will know, when a hush falls on the people, that your old father has passed beyond the voices of this weary world forever." She went, and in a short space she knew—not by the deep hush that fell upon all present, but by a signal more terrible than that appalling silence. When the axe fell the severed head rolled down the slight declivity and the poor child saw the glazed eyes of her beloved father looking up ghastly at her from the hacked, mangled head. It was all over. A plain, true man had died for the one faith of Jesus Christ—that was all. Simply one more to add to the long beadroll of those of whom the world is not worthy, but who shall rest forever on the Heart of God.

Called on to pass through intellectual and spiritual temptations and trials which in their subtlety and scope resemble those of our own times, Blessed Sir Thomas More has given to the faithful layman of today a model no less timely than fascinating.

The church could scarcely have done anything more illustrative of her divine insight and preternatural wisdom than the selection of this man at this time for those high honors that focus the attention and stir the emulative love of her children.

The Destiny of Erin.



THE DESTINY OF ERIN.

NOT long ago a good old friend of mine met me for the first time since my conversion to the Catholic faith, and naturally the conversation turned upon that most momentous step of my life. Chancing to ask about my present occupation, he learned that I was on that very evening going to speak upon the Destiny of Erin, and, with a delicious start, he exclaimed: "Good heavens, man! I knew you had turned Catholic, but have you turned Irish, too?" And the beauty of the humor is, that a very great and glorious suggestion of a truth lies back of it. As far as I know there is no strain of Irish blood to which I may lay claim, and I confess with sorrow that until I became a Catholic I was pathetically ignorant of much in Irish character and life, knowledge which has now become a source of endless joy and inspiration to me. As my former friends fell from me after my "apostasy," Almighty God raised up new Irish ones to take their places; and, with no wish to

reflect upon the noble souls who once did honor me by calling me their friend, I must in candor say that I am not the poorer by the change.

In countless ways, which must forevermore make me their bankrupt debtor, my new-found friends of Irish parentage or birth unfolded to my mind the deep and rich storehouse of sympathy, emotion, romance, pathos, devotion, faith, patriotism and humor that make the race the fascinating study that they are to us of nature less complex and more phlegmatic. I plunged at once into the study of Irish history, and eagerly embraced all opportunities for coming to know the scattered children of old Erin as they are.

And the result, ladies and gentlemen, of that awakened interest on my part was the lecture which it is now my privilege to deliver before you.

The Destiny of Erin: What is it to be? What future awaits a race with such a romantic and heroic past? Have nations and peoples a destiny at all, in any such sense as individuals have? And what is destiny, after all?

By destiny we mean that sublime something which God has in his mind when from the void of nothing he creates a being whose life, like God's own, is to be eternal. The very reason of things, no less than the lessons of religion, compel us to

believe that infinite intelligence engaged in so stupendous and glorious a work as the creation of an immortal being, must have in view the filling by that creature of some especial, personal and vital end, the realization of which end or destiny must be the meaning of "salvation." That I have something incommunicably mine, something that makes me myself, something that crowns my individuality with the supreme prerogative of having the ability and the opportunity to be and do that which no other, however great, can be or do! That man has this no one can question. Of all the countless multitudes of human beings no two have looked alike, no two have been alike. Something (call it expression or what you like) each has had that nobody else had or could have. Though one describe to a third party an unknown friend's appearance, and give a detailed, eloquent and accurate account of eyes, mouth, hair, nose, stature, etc.—when one is seen, and not before, does the real look fix itself upon the fancy. We then know the man's expression; his personality looks out at us through the thin mask of features. And just as no two men have ever looked alike, so, also, no two souls have ever been alike, either in their possibilities or powers. And, therefore, if destiny be found to be the reaching toward and the fulfilling of that eternal end

which infinite wisdom and infinite love proposed for the individual, it follows that happiness and life consist in knowing and achieving one's true destiny. How easily we speak of men in this respect. We say of one, that he has missed his calling; of another, that he is perfectly fulfilling his. We state that someone could have been this or that; that they spoiled a good farmer when they made that one a poor lawyer; that A, instead of having become a doctor, should have become a priest; that B was "cut out" for a sailor. By all this we simply mean that destiny for many men so plainly indicates itself that anyone can see whether or not in their case it is being accomplished. This is especially easy after a man is dead. When the books are finally closed; when the sum total of a life may be computed; when the unexpected changes of which our wondrous nature is so capable can no longer suddenly alter the whole current and bearing of a man—then we can speak as with authority of his "success" or "failure," by which is meant his having attained his destiny or otherwise.

While he is still alive any dogmatic judgment on these points is rather premature, because thieves sometimes die, converted on the very cross on

which they pay the awful penalty of a misspent life; and, *vice versa*, the "good" come sometimes to an unspeakably atrocious end.

Yes, individuals have destiny beyond a doubt; but have the races, also? The philosophical historian can scarcely question it. Indeed, the casual student who thinks a moment can see that the great peoples of the past stand out, as clearly destined to do and be a something peculiarly their own as individuals themselves do. And, again, in their case, as in that of all persons, the nations that are dead furnish the most indubitable proofs of this.

Their course is run. The total of their effect upon the world may now be scientifically measured. The niche in which they were "cut out" to stand is there, and so are they, and we can calculate the margin, if there be one, between God's vast outlines of destiny and their palpable realization by these old peoples dead and gone. We have, therefore, only to sit like philosophic Hamlets among the graves and broken monuments, deciphering the epitaphs and records engraved in their dead tongues, to come at something like a just conception of their great destiny.

For a moment let us look back at two or three of those old formerly so potent factors in the world's development.

The Greeks, in many ways the most interesting people of antiquity, will remain, as long as history records anything, the great exemplifiers of form.

All "the glory that was Greece" lay in that charming fact. It was they that taught us all *how* to do, think, feel and express. In architecture, literature, science and philosophy we yet base all our principles upon the immortal teachings of their great minds. There were, of course, other old races to whom art, poetry and thought were not by any means unknown; but the distinction of the Greek was that he excelled in these, he lived in these, he incarnated beauty, and by the very force of deeply-drawn instinct, achieved the most and best of which our human nature is ever to be found capable.

The orator must learn the rules of eloquence and rhetoric from the Greeks, the poet his figures, the artist his ideals. Amid the very pathos of her ruins Greece still shows forth a beauty so exquisite that all the world takes off its shoes from its feet, feeling itself to be on holy ground.

The Doctors of the Church in mediæval times harked back to Aristotle for the bones of logic on which in deathless form they sought to put the flesh and sinews of the Christian Truth.

The "Logos" of Greek philosophers furnished St. John himself with an apt figure immediately

understandable for his development of the stupendous mystery of "the Word made flesh."

St. Paul, the mightiest exponent of truth in terms of reason, found the whole intellectual world prepared (by Greek precision and Greek thought) for his magnificent elucidation of the Gospel.

In short, the Greeks fulfilled their glorious destiny when they showed man the measureless domain of his intelligence; and then, when school was out, the schoolmaster lay down for his eternal rest. The Greeks are passed away forever; but their teaching lives. To-morrow, when the teacher bends above the child to guide its hands to trace the perfect lines of truth and beauty, the child will not see it—no, nor the teacher either—but Greece will hold the teacher's wrist, and all of symmetry and right proportion that shall ensue will be *her* work.

Now, side by side with that great race there lived another. Rome rose upon her seven hills at the same time as Athens upon her height of matchless intellectual splendor. And Rome, indeed, possessed her thinkers, poets, her scientists and architects and men of commanding genius. But what we think of when we say "the Romans" is altogether different from that which comes into the mind when we say "the Greeks," for Rome did that

which Athens did not and could not do. The salient Roman feature is not the abstract mind nor mind expressing life in perfect form, but power—power to conquer, power to rule, power to dominate and build. The Greeks thought out the principles, the Romans applied them practically. Greece was the school and Rome the market-place, the courts, the barracks, the workshop of the antique world.

Greece was the professor, Rome the policeman; Greece taught man how to think, Rome drilled, not man, but men, into the orderly and compact thing we call Society; Greece breathed the motive of civilizing truth into man's mind, Rome formulated institutions, laws, government, authority; Greece perfected the individual, Rome banded individuals into well regulated bodies.

So, while the one was getting ready the intellect and heart, the other was elaborating that system of human policy in which mankind beholds itself as a vast, complex, but unified society or family.

Just as the deathless principles of Greek philosophy were found to be the very base required by Christian theologians for the erection of the great body of scientifically stated dogmatic truths, so also was the vast Roman Empire, that drew all of the then known world into relationship, found to

be the very theatre in which the stupendous Tragedy of Calvary would have the whole race for its audience, and, as "all roads lead to Rome," it was to that Eternal City that the Apostles turned to set the first poor, feeble beginnings of that Kingdom—not of this world—which was to displace the mighty Empire of the Cæsars who had through centuries been building, though they dreamed this not, the throne for the successors of St. Peter, from which, at our own distant day, the Sovereign Pontiff rules a world whose kingdoms have become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ.

There was, again, a third old race contemporaneous with the Greeks and Romans, which, indeed, still survives commingled with many others of these modern times, but whose glory and whose name passed away forever upon the destruction of the Temple. The Jew had also his sublime and vital destiny. There, from the holy hill of Sion, for a thousand years, while Greece was witnessing the evolution of the intellect under her guiding genius, and Rome the marshaling of human forces into society, Jerusalem was testifying to the one true God, and reminding the soul of man that beauty and power are, in their last analysis, spiritual and not material. While Greece shaped the intelligence and Rome the arm, Jerusalem prepared

the heart for the coming of the Truth. Her Prophets pointed above the world, and kept man from forgetting that "the things which are not seen are eternal."

So, then, when the Greek had forged the word and the thought, and the Roman had drawn the whole world into a unified Empire, a gentle little Daughter of the House of David brought forth her Son,—"the way, the truth and the life,"—and the Destiny of the three great peoples of the ancient world was marvelously fulfilled. *Requiescant in pace!*

Of the dead we can speak finally. It is more difficult to determine the destiny of those still, as we say, alive and kicking! But some of the modern nations and races have now sufficiently run out their course, so far matured into a type likely to persist, that we can quite definitely say what their apparent destiny is and whether they are fulfilling it.

Certain distinct ideas come to the mind upon the very mention of the names of the several peoples. Of course, innumerable individuals might be found, whose blood being one thing, nevertheless have characteristics pertaining to some other race; but the truth remains that Germans *are* different from the French, for instance, and that

an Englishman and an Irishman instinctively act, feel and think in absolutely dissimilar ways. An Italian and a Scandinavian (when left entirely by themselves and given equal and similar opportunity) will not in one case out of a thousand do the same thing. And so on through the whole list we might well show that there is a manifest, deeply rooted something within the very consciousness of men that impels them to move individually toward a national or racial Type or Norm.

Look for a moment at a few of the characteristics of the modern nations. The French! What a sense of taste and elegance and etiquette and grace is aroused in us by anything French. We think at once that the "seasoning," at all events, will be toothsome, if the dish be French. One wag declared that he would prefer to have a Frenchman insult him than have an Englishman be "civil" to him—because the former would be so polite and elegant about it. Another begged a friend who said he had an idea not to tell Madame, "for she will make soup of it." Finger bowls, *lingerie*, epigrams, manners, perfumes, art, literature, toothbrushes—what don't we owe the French? And all that is done, even to vice itself, is done exquisitely.

On the other hand, look at the Germans! At once we think of solidity, thoroughness, profundity,

schwartz-brodt and plodding. You say French, and champagne comes to mind; German, and one thinks at once of beer! And away down under these trifling superficial differences lie the psychological reasons why they exist. The Teuton digs deep to the foundations of life and knowledge; the Gaul expresses truth and life in polished, perfect phrases which are much more than mere *bon mots*, being, indeed, no less than flash-light revelations thrust by the light of genius itself through the heart of truth. One tunnels with his nails the adamant of facts; the other in an epigram sums up the verity his heavier and much more industrious German cousin has thus dug out. Then, too, there are the other nations. Emigrants landing in New York display the tendencies which shaped the present face of Europe. Tony at once begins his American career by selling fruit or grinding the arias from Verdi and Donizetti on a barrel organ; but Pat is on the police force in an incredibly short time and boss of his election district in a month or two! And far away in sunny Italy the very peasant watches the sunset with an artist's eye and sings the exquisite music of the great Masters. The thrifty Hollander and the procrastinating Spaniard are unlike, one only happy when she is scrubbing something, the other feeling that almost anything can better be done *mañana!* Whence

these profound distinctions? Believe me, from the same ethnical, essential sources that from the first made Spain the land of theology, mysticism, religious art and "feeling for its own sake," and Holland practical, sane, economical, clean—scrubbed! It would be interesting to speculate as to the destiny to be worked out by the American when once the present process of "mixing" shall have been completed, but, of course, it is much too soon.

Well, then, nations have, it would certainly seem, a destiny. And if this be so, can we believe that one race—a race, moreover, so full of salient characteristics, so gifted, so sublime in endurance, so heroic in virtue as the Irish is destitute of a destiny? Is it credible to suppose that Erin alone has not that some one thing to do, that some one thing to be, which no one else could do or be, which is her own by destiny? I cannot think it.

What is the destiny of Erin? What is the glorious task set for her doing by the Eternal Shaper of all things? For what have Erin's tears been flowing for centuries? To what supreme end have her immeasurable sacrifices tended? Whom was it that her smile was sent to cheer? For what did her heart break, then bear, then break and bear again? Scattered all over the green earth, surely her children must have a work to do all their own

—a purpose to accomplish in the magnificent development of God's designs.

Let us imagine Michael Angelo painting one of his glorious frescoes, the subject to be no less than the Eternal One dispensing the various Crowns of Destiny to the Sisters of the Nations.

Upon the graceful head of France God has just placed the exquisitely wrought crown in filigree gold work, studded with priceless gems—the crown of Taste and Elegance; Germany, strong and superb, stands crowned with the plain, undecorated, iron crown of Thought. Italy, receiving a crown of Art, is given also a palette and a lyre. Above Spain's head (she gets no crown save this) there hangs a Sanctuary Lamp, and her commission is to Witness to the Tabernacled Life. Now, the picture, as we see it, shows lovely Erin kneeling to receive her Destiny. I ask, has God no more crowns? Has this fair Sister, as she kneels there, radiant with love and duty, no one thing to be given her to be and do? Watch! And prepare to see a holy and an awful sight. God stoops and whispers. Erin looks up, and the smile and the tear already on her face, she bows, like another Mary, to accept her Destiny. What is it? A crown? No! The emblems of the arts and sciences? No! What, then? A Cross! A ponder-

ous Cross of suffering and persecution for the truth's sake. This may pain you, my good Irish friend down there; but believe me, it was because Erin did get and did accept this strange and glorious destiny that Catholicity today owes a simply immeasurable part of its world-embracing advance. Erin agreed to keep the Faith—and she has kept it! Though her blood has run like rivers, though her land has been devastated, though her children have been exiled, though her rights have been wrung from her by tyrants, though at any moment she might have been spared all this by mere apostasy, she has (may God for evermore reward her) —she has sublimely kept the Faith! To suffer in order that others might know the truth, to suffer in order that others might be blessed—such is the destiny of Erin. Let us consider so sublime a task.

The conversion of Ireland to the Christian religion was one of the most dramatic and miraculous events in the history of Europe.

Unlike some of the other races, the Irish became Christians, as it were, at once and without those painful steps usually required in the evolution of a people from paganism to Christian civilization.

And from the very first their faith was of that aggressive and zealous sort that does not rest passively content in the negative enjoyment of

great blessings, but that yearns actively to impart a knowledge of those blessings to those that know them not. Thus the Irish were missionaries in many portions of Europe at a time when the Church was barely able to gain a precarious foothold even in places very much nearer the center of her life at Rome. Far off there, on the very edge of the known world, a distant outpost scarcely reachable at all, Erin from the first moment of her becoming Christian was a source of inspiration, learning and zeal to all other parts of the Church. And one magnificent peculiarity was hers. Pope after Pope was caused the gravest anxiety by rumors of defection and the spread of heresy in almost every other quarter from time to time. The fair valleys of France herself, "the eldest daughter of the Church," were, as we know, sown most unhappily with the pestiferous seeds of Albigenseean and other heresies; Germany more than once was invaded by the preachers of false doctrines, Huss, John of Prague, and later the monster Luther having done frightful havoc among the faithful; England went down before the tyrant Henry VIII. into fatal heresy and schism; Scotland listened to the sophistries of Knox, the disciple of Calvin, who had already accomplished the seduction of so many in Switzerland and France; Hol-

land, Scandinavia, portions of Italy itself—at one time or another all grieved the Vicar of Jesus Christ at Rome.

But since St. Patrick won Erin to the one true Faith no Pope has ever had to sorrow over the news that the Church in Ireland was being led astray. No! Never has Erin swerved a hair's breadth from her sublime destiny; she has gloriously "kept the Faith," in the face of an unceasing and diabolical persecution which only her loyalty and steadfastness could have borne so long.

How can we account for such superb adherence to so tremendous a destiny? When we send forth our children to their life-work, loving them however much, and anxious in the highest degree that they go forth equipped and prepared, we are but human and finite, both in intelligence and resources; so that we are frequently not able to give our children the things they need, or, possibly, we encourage them to venture on a career for which they may be but illy adapted.

But with the Father, infinite both in his knowledge of his children and his love for them, it is not so. God fits us for our destiny before He bids us essay it. And when He gave to Erin the ponderous cross of suffering he did not fail to see that she must have peculiar gifts and graces in order to

acquit herself with honor and success in the terrific conflict which it involved. Yes, Almighty God, in ways that make the heart leap with thanksgiving, "*is* good to the Irish"! Give me a moment in which I may ask you to think of the weapons and faculties, as it were, that God gave to Erin when He asked her to undertake such a destiny.

In the first place He gave the Irish heart its matchless sense of humor. Irish wit, so universally admired, was not a bit of sugar that slipped by accident into the salt and sorrow of the great, broken heart of the Irish people! No! It was put there by a divinely tender and gentle Heavenly Father. I venture to say that, if the Irish had not been the wittiest people, they could not have possibly borne, as they have, the centuries of bitterness and wrong. An old writer declares, with good reason, that nobody can get to heaven without a sense of humor! And in the lives of Saints we frequently read that the most saintly have been those whose wit and keen enjoyment of the humorous was the greatest. It lifts a man out of the valleys. Despair dares not face one who is a wag, for it knows well that he is as likely as not to burst out into laughter straight in its face!

An Irishman sees something comical in the blackest situation, and as he stops to have his joke

over it he forgets about the bitter part. That is a very deeply significant story that they tell of one good son of Erin, and its lesson will be my excuse for repeating it now.

It seems that the poor fellow was on a journey, and, being penniless, he had had nothing to eat for a day or two. So he trudged along disconsolately enough until he saw a charitable-looking old lady standing before a farm house. Approaching her, our friend stated his desperate condition, and the good heart of the lady was touched with pity. Bidding the man sit upon her door-step, she went into her kitchen and presently returned with a plate, on which Pat saw a fine, large piece of beef. The lady laid the meat before the starving man, delighted at the gladness that her act had evidently brought to the poor devil's heart. Pious man that he was, he closed his eyes for a moment to say a grace before eating, when, in that instant a dog came and ran away with the meat! Wait! That accident has nothing peculiarly Irish about it! This is the Hibernian touch in the story. When the man saw that the food was gone he said: "Well, thanks be to God! I've me appetite left, anyhow!" *That* is Irish. And what other man would say that, or could say it? Alas! time after time in history poor Erin has had little more than

her "appetite" left; but she has always made it a subject of thanksgiving that that was left, that wondrous "appetite" of hers to do and suffer for the spread of the true religion.

It would be difficult to adequately value this unconquerable spirit of Irish wit, for it is the "saving clause" in almost every Writ of doom. And its roots run down into the very heart of the Irish character, and thus it is that we find it so buoyant, so capable of "looking up," so "happy-go-lucky."

But the smile has always been accompanied by the tear. The second of God's gifts to Erin was Pathos. Irish literature is never free from pathos, as Irish character is not. This striking feature manifests itself in many and always fascinating different ways. Take, if you will, the poetry of Ireland. It is romantic, frequently heroic or warlike; but be its theme what it may be, it is never without a note of weird, intensely affecting pathos. Superficially considered this might seem to conflict with the spirit of mirth and wit of which we have already thought; but only superficially.

It is the combination of these two qualities that gives the Irish nature its unique interest. The poet sees not only the palpable beauty of his beloved one, but on past the flush of youth he foresees the decay of the fair face, the coming of wrinkles and

gray hairs; but (and here is where the pathos and the joyousness unite) he sees that the very fading of those "young charms" has a beauty all its own, and that "around the dear ruin" the thoughts of a heart that has "truly loved" will cling "verdantly still."

I doubt if in any other race's poetry one could come across the phrase "dear ruin." It is in its very essence Irish, and it is exquisite! It touches the deepest in a man's heart and glorifies loss, age, failure.

The rose of mirth was placed in the fragile chalice of Erin's fancy, and tho' she has endeavored in vain to keep the roses fresh by watering them with her tears, let not her enemies imagine that all is lost when ruthless tyranny has crushed the priceless vase. For, thanks to God's miraculous endowment of her soul with smiles and tears, you may shatter, indeed, the vase at your will, "but the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still!"

Altars the brutal soldiery of Cromwell could, indeed, destroy; they could not kill the faith in Erin's heart. They could burn down the humble cottage, but "Home" to the Irish was something that nothing could ever overthrow. They could break mothers' hearts, indeed, but they could not reach the undying love that those hearts contained,

They could kill men, but not the religion which those men believed. They could banish and burn and bury, but they could not pervert. Oh, the tear and the smile! What have they not combined to do for God and the truth and country in Erin's blood-drenched land? Take, again, Irish music. It has many singularly beautiful peculiarities, but its chief distinctive feature is the pathos of those cadences wherein the Irish song floats off in semitones into a wistful, sad, but exquisitely winsome pleading at the very heart of things.

An Irish melody is not like those of any other folk. It is a dirge, but a dirge that invariably ends in the Allelulia of absolute belief in resurrection! Other songs end in the dominant of a spirit that dares not venture far from actuality, even in music's bark; but the Irish songs end in a vague slipping off into mystic dreamlands—dreams, however, that the singer knows must come true. And the history of that people is one long story of pathos transfigured by wit into magnificent endeavor.

One more thing did God give to Erin by way of fitting her for her great destiny. He gave her that fierce, determined partisanship that makes of every Irishman a politician and an advocate. To fight for one's side is to the son of Erin an axiomatic duty requiring no discussion. And, while

this tendency creates the Donnybrook Fairs of doubtful benefit to anyone, and to a rather unnecessary number of broken heads, there can be no question that to it also must be attributed that courage in scores of bloody battles in which the Irish have fought sublimely against tremendous odds, and the still more heroic courage they have manifested in the defense of their religion and their rights. Whether it be the Irish priest going to the stake for his God or the humble laborer of whom we are told that he refused higher wages because in his present job he was tearing down a Protestant church, the spirit is the same—one of enthusiasm under hardship, if the hardship, grave or slight, be "for the cause." Will you let me tell you a true story in illustration of this spirit of loyalty to one's party as shown by a good Irishman?

In a certain great parish in a large Eastern city there had resided for many years two rival undertakers, whose establishments were adjoining and whose competition for the business of the parish was exceedingly sharp. These worthy rivals went by the name of Hart and Moran. To make their differences still more wide it happened that Mr. Hart was the Republican "boss" of the district, while Mr. Moran had the honor of leading the Democratic side in local politics. And, to make

matters still worse, Mrs. Hart was the acknowledged leader of one social "set" and Mrs. Moran of the other. So each man in the parish—and each woman, for that matter—was known as either a Moran man or a Hart man; and to one side of every question every respectable person felt bound to lend the weight of his vote, his influence or his stout right arm, if occasion should arise.

Now it chanced that on a bitterly cold night a few years back a poor lad in the parish drank a drop too much and was found frozen to death in an old barn in the morning. The shocking news flew rapidly around the neighborhood, and soon the broken-hearted father of the boy was bending over the body of his wretched son. The pastor, coming out from Mass, heard of the tragedy and hurried to the father's side to comfort him in his hour of sorrow and shame. "Be brave, my good man," said the priest; "this is, indeed, a terrible affliction that has come upon you, but you must bear up under it like the Christian man that you have always been. Remember, my friend, that you have other children, all of whom are a credit to you and the parish. Come, come! You must be a man now, and *don't* take this to heart!"

The old fellow straightened up and looked at his pastor with surprise. "Take it to Hart, is it

ye say? What d'ye take me for, Father? Indade, sir, I'll take it to Moran, like a dacent man!"

In the very hour of his poignant grief he did not wish the pastor to think him a "Hart" man!

Such, then, is Erin's singular equipment for the out-working of her destiny—Humor, Pathos, Loyalty. Her history proves how desperately she needed and how effectively she has made use of all the three.

The story of Erin is the story of almost unceasing struggle against foes who hated her, not because cupidity desired her few green acres, nor because the thirst for power excited sovereigns to covet her dominion, but simply and solely on account of her religion. To have turned Protestant would have meant for Ireland absolute immunity from English antipathy and centuries of devastating wars. Down to our own days apostasy was the demanded price for instant peace, freedom and honors. Poverty, the enforced ignorance of her children for generations, exile to the four corners of the earth, insufferable penal statutes and a humiliating subjection to her ancestral foes, make up the sum that Erin has never hesitated to pay for loyalty.

Even before the terrible times of Elizabeth Irelandwas not free from sufferings for the truth's sake.

And there is an almost ironical touch in the fact that it was in the pontificate of Nicholas Brakespeare (the only Pope who was an Englishman) that the king of England first secured any sort of sovereignty over Ireland.

That step inaugurated the long series of wars, revolutions and outbreaks which have kept the wretched country in a state of almost continuous unrest.

And, humanly speaking, how strange it seems that God should have permitted the occurrences, especially of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries!

Province after province on the Continent fell away from the authority of the Holy See; and God must have beheld the steadfastness of the British Isles. Then, after the lust of England's king had cut the English from the communion of Rome, and Scotland and Wales had followed with itching ears the preachers of strange gods, how—one would in reverence say it—how God must have rejoiced to see than Erin faltered not.

And one might add the hope that for such faithfulness God would abundantly bless that brave and steadfast land wherein, amid a universal and loud apostasy, his truth was cherished and his service done.

But what do we actually read was the result? England waxed great, Scotland and Wales grew fat and prosperous, and Erin bore the lash of awful persecutions for three hundred years! Why? Is God, then, blind? Is He unmindful of his own? Has He not even common thanks for those who bear and die that his great Name may live? Patience! I am about to come to that.

The eye is very apt to turn to where some rock obstructs the current of the stream and breaks it into agitation, foam and spray; and the historian is apt to dwell on the great breaks and cataclysms of the past, unmindful of the quiet turnings of less noisy portions of the great stream of Time.

More things were happening at the beginning of the sixteenth century than just the "Reformation." Columbus and a score of others were daily adding undiscovered regions to this world of ours. And on the chess-board of Eternity God was mysteriously and silently moving his "pawns" with eye on very distant situations in the "Game."

In spite of Spanish and French and Portugese and all the rest who did so much in those first days, it was, as we now know, to be the men who spoke the English tongue that were in time to occupy and shape the countries in far-away America, in Asia, in Africa and in the Islands of the Sea.

But what has all of this to do with Erin's destiny? Much! Very much!

On the anvil of unconquerable patience and loyalty God was striking the blows that gradually shaped the destiny of Erin. Such devotion to the Faith must be forged, and they forge only when the iron is hot and when the hammer falls heavy and oft. Who could have foreseen the spread of the English language? Who could have foreseen the enforced exile of millions of Irish people? Who could have foreseen that these two facts combined to so enlarge the borders of the Catholic Church that today she has no more vigorous or more promising fields anywhere than in those immense continents where the imperious Anglo-Saxon has pushed his institutions and his speech—so that God's faithful Celt might bear the saving truths of holy faith around the world? It was for this that Gaelic gave place to the hated English; it was for this that Erin's children were tortured into feeling that exile was the only course.

To an audience so largely Celtic I could not hope to say anything new or instructive on the history of Ireland for the past two hundred years.

You all are too familiar with the heart-rending details—the ebb and flow of hope; the risings so full of promise—only to end in the magnificent

defeats and martyrdoms; the thrilling tales that are still told in every parish in the old country; the heroism of your priests, returning at the risk of life, to bring the saving Sacraments to the unterrified though hounded faithful; the burning of your ancestral homes; the breaking of your fathers' fortunes and your mothers' hearts; the hunger, destitution, ignorance, famine, pestilence and death—all this you knew as soon as you were old enough to understand anything. The story of the "'98," the various uprisings since, the failure of the potato, the sweeping tides of emigration that have reduced the population of the old country to scarcely one-third of what it was seventy-five years ago—all this you know. All this is history, and it is this that must forever make the Epic of Erin a triumphant dirge.

But suffer me, an alien though I be, to tell you of some of the glorious results and phases of your destiny.

A great many years ago—before ever I was a Catholic myself—I met a dear old-fashioned Irish parish priest with whom I conversed for several hours on the Irish in America, where the good man had never been.

He asked me many questions and told me many most affecting anecdotes culled from his own expe-

rience. "America," said he, "will never be able to repay old Ireland for the sacrifices she has made." I drew the old man on to tell me what he meant, and, with a charm which it were idle for me to try to reproduce, he went on to say: "Not once, sir, but scores of times, I've seen the like of this. There'd be a poor old body who had already sent out half a dozen children to the new world, which at that time seemed to our simple people millions of miles away, and she had but the one young girl at home to be her comfort and support in her advancing years. And the poor old mother would pray, as only a mother can, that this one last darling might not have to go to far-off America, but that she could stop at home to be by her side in the twilight of life that was coming fast. But the sad day would come. The brothers and sisters would write that the girl should come out, and so the old mother would begin to prepare for that last good-bye. Oh, sir, how often have I witnessed a scene like that! On the fatal day, after holy mass, the two of them would go up the lane to wait for the coach that was to carry away the child to Dublin or Cork on her way to America. Then the mail would come up the highway in a cloud of dust. And, scrambling up to her seat on the top, the girl would wave her hand cheerily as long as she could see her mother stand-

ing there. And then the sorrowful return to the bit of a cottage; and once inside, with the door closed tight, can you fathom, sir, the depth of the anguish of that mother's soul? Kneeling there before the poor little statue of Mary, can you see her fingers—old fingers, mind, and twisted with rheumatism—going from bead to bead as the mother on earth begs the Mother in Heaven to watch over and keep her last little girl as she sails away to the great unknown world with her virginal heart and her big, wide eyes that have never seen evil? From every parish, sir, in Ireland that stream of mothers' tears has been flowing out to America."

And what became of that girl and her brothers and sisters here in America and in Australia and in India and at the Cape and in the remotest corners of the earth? What fruit came of such unspeakable sacrifice? I will tell you, though you already know. The Church of the living God was spread, the Kingdom of Christ built up—that is what came of it, that is what the destiny of Erin wrought out for the benediction of the Nations.

Wherever Pat went and Maggie and Bridget, the brave young priest was soon at their heels, and so it has come to pass that hundreds of Bishops and thousands of priests and tens of thousands of Sisters are now extending the light of the Truth

in every part of the English-speaking world, and that churches and schools and hospitals and orphanages are everywhere, because the poor old mothers in Ballyhulish and Knockwinnock and Ballymagar sent out the children to whom they had taught the faith of their fathers, and because these sons and daughters, wherever they went, took that faith with them undimmed and unsoiled! As in the beginnings of Christianity in many parts of Europe, the Irish missionary priests and scholars went out from the famous old seats of Celtic piety and learning to preach the Gospel, so again in our own times one has but to glance at the Clergy Directory to see that the zeal of Erin still burns bright and warm; for her sons are to be found ministering before the altars at the antipodes. A Cardinal Moran in Australia and Gibbons in America, a hierarchy in which Celtic names abound by the hundreds and a priesthood in which they occur by the thousands, give very marked proof of the point that I now wish to make: that the sufferings which led a home-loving people and an intensely patriotic race to leave their native land by the millions have, in the ineffable providence of God, redounded to the glory of his Holy Name and brought the saving truths of Catholicity to men and places to which, had the Celt remained at home, the Faith could not

have been so soon or so effectually extended. And here, it seems to me, were glory and destiny of the supremest order.

This brings us to the closing and practical considerations of the present discourse. It must be remembered that not only has the dispersion of the Irish had a tremendous effect upon the destiny of America and other English-speaking countries, but it has also had a tremendous effect upon the destiny of the Irish themselves. There has been action, and, of course, reaction. The success of the children of Erin in this country has, indeed, been marvelous. Coming here for the most part through the goad of necessity and struggling penniless in a foreign land inimical to their religion, the Irishman has forced his way to the top in every department of our complex life. Here again his wit, his pathos and his partisanship have stood him in good stead. Emotional, enthusiastic, self-reliant, he has wrought out his salvation in his own Celtic way, and today we see him active, successful, contented in every profession, every trade, every degree of wealth, culture and power. What is to be the final outcome of it all? Those of us who believe in Erin's destiny cannot but watch with serious interest anything that may have power to divert the splendid force which she has shown was hers for truth and right-

eousness through centuries into less noble channels making for ends less high. The cross has been lifted: will Erin now forget?

Amusing instances might be adduced by thousands to show how perfectly Erin has mastered the opportunities which the immense and varied life here in America has opened to men.

They tell one story that is too good to lose. A zealous Bishop in the Northwest, anxious about possible scattered children of the Church in regions of his diocese wholly inhabited by Scandinavian Protestants, sent a young missionary priest upon a tour of quiet investigation among the towns and hamlets. In one large town with many hundreds of thrifty inhabitants the priest could find no Catholics at all. But, on the other hand, he found Swedes and Norwegians innumerable. About to leave the place, he made a last attempt to find a stray Catholic, and went into a shop and asked if there was not at least one Irishman in town. The proprietor thought for a few moments, and then replied: "Yes, come to think, there is a man by the name of Casey here." Sure that he was on the right scent, the worthy priest was leaving the shop, when the shop-keeper called him back, exclaiming: "Say, Mister, there is one other Irishman in town by the name of Murphy." "Good!" said the mis-

sionary, "and where can I find these two men, for doubtless they are Catholics?" "Casey is the mayor and Murphy is the chief of police!" answered the shop-keeper. There does, indeed, seem to be nothing too good for the Irish in America! The question arises, Is this freedom from persecution—are these immense opportunities for development affecting the Celt adversely or beneficently? One disposed to make hasty generalizations might feel that the answer must be that the Irish in prosperous and free America are not as zealously fulfilling their destiny as their humbler but more pious fathers in the old country. He might point to the rich Irish Catholic of the larger cities, with his contemptible desire to be thought to be a "liberal" Catholic and very superior to the "common Irish" of the parish. He might call our attention to the mixed marriages which are the outcome of absurd "social aspirations" on the part of some people who think themselves too good for the Church, and whose parents were just plain, old-fashioned Irish Catholics from Kerry or Cork.

He might remind us that well-to-do Irishmen are beginning to send their sons to Harvard and Yale (where their Faith is constantly maligned and libeled by sapient little kindergartners known in this country as "Professors") and not to the Jesuit

Colleges or to the Christian Brothers or to Notre Dame University—the reason for this amazing bit of vulgarity and disloyalty being that they desire their sons to make useful social connections and to get into good society generally. If in the process they lose their faith, of course it is a deplorable accident; but the fear of this must not be allowed to interfere with the social advancement!

He might further point out that the young Catholic dandy, who may or may not hear Mass of a Sunday, according to the weather, is certainly a degenerate descendant of the sturdy Celt, his grandfather, who would walk ten good old Irish miles rather than miss Mass. He might seriously question whether the fashionable young Catholic lady's faith, in the elegantly appointed drawing-room, is as staunch as that of her poor old grandmother, who is unceremoniously hurried back into the kitchen when "company" comes in, with her old cap and plain old-country manners—and, perhaps, her pipe!

Where are the religious pictures banished when the younger generation transforms the old home in an effort to bring it "up to date"? There used to be holy water in the little font hanging by the doorposts of Irish homes. The fonts are still to be seen in many Irish homes—filled frequently with

hairpins and dust! Rosary used to be said by the whole family each night. What family is ever together for any purpose in our hurried and artificial city life today? And so the pessimist might go on indefinitely adducing evidence in support of his contention that the Irish are not fulfulling their destiny in this country. But there is another side to this question. In the sudden and radical evolution of a people such as the entire population of America has been swept through in a very brief time, it is inevitable that there should be a certain amount of ill-considered and mawkish so-called growth on the part of pushing and generally vulgar people.

The Irish in America have, of course, not wholly escaped this evil any more than other races who make with them our heterogeneous people.

Environment has reacted upon them as it always does upon all those who are sufficiently alive to think and feel and act and aspire.

A period of readjustment has been made necessary for these adaptable, emotional, enthusiastic and religious people. But not for one minute can I be made to fear that the great body of the sons of Erin will, or can, so far forget their glorious past as that they will not see to it that their future be just as glorious. There will be those who will

perish in the blinding glare of social life, there will be some who may go down through politics or drink or greed in the commercial world; but there will never come a day when Celtic mothers will no longer bear the sons whom God needs at his altars, or when the sound, strong, passionate heart of the Irish race will no longer beat with devotion to the Vicar of Christ at Rome and be stirred to any sacrifice called for in extending and upbuilding the Church of the living God! Oh, my friends, let me, an outsider, as it were, beg you to consider the rock from which you are hewn! You, young man and young woman, with the good old Irish blood in your veins, for God's dear sake be proud of your ancestry, emulate their virtues, forget not the sublimity of their devotion to the truth! Be Americans of such a type that no man dare to question your absolute adherence to every sacred principle of our glorious Constitution—but you can best be this by being what your great Irish fathers and mothers were, namely, unflinching defenders of liberty and right upon the only sufficiently secure foundation for such sacred gifts—the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church!

I must let you go now, but suffer me to tell you just one more story to bring out these last few

points that I have been trying to press upon your acceptance. An English tourist was driving around the lake of Killarney in company with a neighboring parish priest, and they soon were good friends and fell to discussing the Irish character. The priest assured the rather skeptical Englishman that one could always count upon a witty answer in Ireland. The Englishman laughed at this and offered to bet a shilling that the first man they might chance to meet would prove to be a fool. The good priest, not to be outdone, put his own shilling on top of the Englishman's, and the jarvie was appointed stake-keeper. They drove along, and, as fortune would have it, the first man they passed on the road was a young drover, taking his cattle to the next market town. They stopped in order to settle the wager.

"Good morning!" said the Englishman. "Where are you driving your cattle?"

"To the fair, your honor!"

"And what will you get for them at the fair?"

"Oh, by the help of the saints, I should get fourteen pounds a head for them."

"That is no price for them, my man," continued the tourist; "why don't you take them over to God's country in England, where you could get twenty pounds a head for them?"

The fellow, with a look of supreme disgust, replied: "Ah, why don't I take the lake there to hell, where I would get a guinea a drop for it?"

The jarvie at once handed over the stakes to the priest in silence, and all went on their journey without further effort on the Englishman's part to belittle the reputation of the Irish.

Observe, my friends, what the young drover had done. First, he had maintained the fame of Ireland in one particular, at all events, as I would have you strive to do in other and more glorious ways; second, he had paid his very vigorous respects to that country which had for centuries oppressed his own, by comparing it to heaven's dread antithesis. And I would urge you to feel that all that does not make for Catholicity is, if you have a spark of real Irish in you, your foe to the death; and third, he had incidentally slipped an extra shilling into his reverence's pocket by winning the bet so handily. Go and do likewise.

* * * * *

And what is to be Erin's destiny as the ages roll forward into the unknown future? God, of course, alone knows. But God asks men to help him in the supremest of his works, the salvation of the world. Erin of old heard the great call of God in a way that must for evermore make her name noble.

She bowed her shoulder to bear the heaviest burden of suffering ever imposed upon a people for the sake of Faith.

Surely she will not falter now, when the burden has been mercifully removed and in its place a limitless opportunity has been opened to her children to enter into the largest life!

Surely she will continue in her God-appointed mission of spreading the light of the one true Faith!

Surely her daughters will remain the spotless models of virtue that the very enemies of Erin have proclaimed them!

Surely her sons will come in ever increasing numbers to devote their lives to the service of God in the sublimest of all ways possible to man!

Surely, as the years lengthen into eternity, Erin will open into fuller and deeper and holier realization of her great destiny!

May God grant that some word that I may have said tonight may help but one of Erin's children to bestir himself or herself to do all that is possible in the furthering of that glorious cause which has been in so singular and exalted ways the destiny of Erin!

Dr. Windthorst.

DR. WINDTHORST.

DREAMERS are, after all, the practical men. It is upon the canvas of the imagination that those pictures are first painted which the so-called men of affairs afterwards project into accomplished "facts."

The man of "facts" is apt to sneer at the theorizer, notwithstandng that all the Gradgrinds to the contrary have been unable to achieve "success" of any kind until some despised dreamer in the visions of the night has seen the distant hills wherein the treasure lay.

From Napoleon down, the men who have affected the march of events in the most radical way have been they who were also seers and prophets, viewing life first from the coign of vantage which the imagination alone affords.

Dreams are alone eternal; for, as the poet says, "A dreamer lives forever, but a toiler dies in a day."

The nineteenth century was certainly the epoch of practical achievement, but as one reviews the

history of that magnificent era it is impossible to avoid seeing that it was the men free from what Emerson calls "the tyranny of particulars," the men, that is, who had the horizons of large empiricism and whose minds were "merged in the large acceptance" of vast ideals who shaped events.

The "toilers" did but reap where the dreamers had planted, and mine where they had located the rich deposits. Men who are both, men who possess imagination and the will to do, are the only truly great.

And among these, I presume, history will always place him who in many ways was the most potent force in modern European politics, the Iron Chancellor, the man of "blut und eisen"—Otto von Bismarck.

In this remarkable man we have a striking example of the combination of lively imagination, an almost romantic idealism and an invincible will.

Here was a hero-worshipper, a mediævalist, a hard-headed, merciless martinet and a cool, calculating politician, all in one. And one side of his character postulated the other. He dreamed, as no other modern had dreamed, of Empire; and he drilled armies and formulated policies capable of creating an empire. He worshipped the qualities of Alexander, Cæsar and Frederick the Great, and

then built up with Titan blows the theatre in which his own beloved King could and did grow into a Kaiser of their heroic mold. He guilded the actual with the beauty of the romantic and ideal and then transformed the actual into what he considered the ideal.

From his mother we learn that the boy Otto was difficult. She, good soul, was utterly unable to comprehend him. Stubborn, absent-minded, willful, young Bismarck caused his mother many an anxious hour, for, as she said, "Otto will have his way. When he is in bed I cannot get him out, and when he is up I cannot get him to go to bed. When I need him in the house he is abroad, and when I wish him to go out he remains at home a nuisance!"

It appears that he was little disposed to heed commands, cajolery or threats from her; but when his father would bellow out, "Otto," the boy would jump, and, standing at "attention!" obey at once.

Stretched full length, his chin on his big, round hands, he would dream a whole day looking out over the sea; and could one have watched him, he would have seen that the lad was planning sieges and campaigns in the sand in front of him—in high colloquy with the military geniuses of all the past.

His was a Teuton heart, his a feudal soul. Very early, as his study of history familiarized him with

the achievements of the great, he began the evolution of that which we shall presently see became the ruling passion and dream of his whole life. To the minutest details he came to know the story of Prussia; and the House of Hohenzollern, with Frederick the Great at its head, became the theme of all his musings and the inspiration of all his life plans. Well did the boy know that the king—the "Koenig"—was, in the beginnings of German glory, "the *can* man," the man, that is, who *can!* And as his romantic nature drew ever deeper and deeper draughts of inspiration from the Feudal times, Bismarck began to incarnate in his own king the splendid qualities which were at the first the sole title to kingship.

And he was, indeed, blessed in having for his king the noble, manly, free-hearted giant, William the First. A "Koenig" truly, a man, Bismarck felt, who most surely "could"—if opportunity were given him.

Together with this hero-worship there went in his mind the unconquerable belief in autocratic power. Society could now, he held, be conserved by regaining the ground lost during the democratic advance of the previous fifty years, and vesting all authority in a paternal government. "The People" to him was a very dangerous phrase, coined by

irresponsible demagogues for the purpose of furthering their destructive policies.

Empire! That was the object of the young man's soul. Empire on the lines of the magnificent Holy Roman Empire which had made Germany so glorious in mediæval times. To unite the scattered and disrupted German peoples, to build one vast *Vaterland*, with Prussia at its head, and his king for Kaiser!

Such was the dreamer, Otto von Bismarck, as a youth. And the theatre of European politics soon began to shape itself for the tremendous effort to realize his dreams. Time is lacking, of course, on this occasion, for even a superficial review of the march of events that led to that fatal (though characteristically gigantic) blow by which the Iron Chancellor sought to perfect his Herculean task, and which proved to be the opportunity for the sublime achievements of him who is the subject of this lecture. But you must let me remind you of the climax of the great movement which raised Bismarck to world-power, and brought about, as he supposed, the necessity for the attempt in which he was so ignominiously thwarted by Windthorst.

Whatever other portions of Germany may or may not have been busied about, Prussia had, for more than one generation, kept her eye on one

thought—Potsdam! Potsdam, with its severe discipline, pipe-clay and patriotism. Prussians were made, first, last and all the time, soldiers. Barrack life had inured every able-bodied man to the coarsest food, the hardest beds, the most callous feet, the sternest orders, the splendid sense of suffering for one's country. So when, in the rapid development of an intolerable situation after the Austrian war, Prussia saw that a struggle with France was only a question of a little while, she it was that was best able to rally to the German standard the petty and discordant elements that loosely composed "Germany." There could be no doubt of success when one considered Potsdam and all that Potsdam meant. Then came the crisis—and we all remember the excitement of our youth when the thrilling news came that a war had broken out between France and Germany. The terrible campaigns did not leave the result long in the balance. Strasburg, Metz, Sedan! How it all comes back to us! And at last that day of unspeakable humiliation for proud, chivalrous, courageous France, when Paris fell and the muddy boots of thousands of hated Prussians trampled the sward in the Champs Elysees, and to the accompaniment of the "Wacht am Rhein" the victorious battalions passed beneath the almost sacred arc de Triomphe!

That last act of the awful tragedy was the supreme moment of Otto von Bismarck's life. For the next day, in the presence of royalty and the representatives of all powers, in the magnificent palace of the French kings, he proclaimed his beloved *koenig* the Kaiser, Wilhelm I., amid the roaring of cannon and the acclamations of all the German peoples. Here, indeed, was the glorious coming true of one of the most stupendous dreams that mortal man ever had dreamed! And the triumphal march back to Berlin! With bells fairly leaping out of cathedral towers, and mothers holding their little ones out of high windows to see the Kaiser, and Catholic Bavarians hugging Protestant Saxons, and merchants from Hamburg singing songs with Berliners, and men from the Rhineland hail-fellow with Prussians, and nobody caring whether it were Pilsener or Muenchner-Hofbraeu that he drank, and everybody hoarse with loud "Hochs!" United! All Germany! And leading this multitude, wild with the thrill of the new-found *Vaterland*, rode the giant the Kaiser, and close at his side the giant the Chancellor, Otto von Bismarck.

A Greek dramatist would drop his curtain here. But in life, alas, it is not always found that "they lived happily ever afterwards."

Bismarck's real life-task began after the culmination of his vast policy of German federation. Here was at last a federated Germany, but now to make it a homogeneous people! And, be it said to his credit, the future historian will need to dwell with more admiration on the policy, resources, forcefulness and triumphs of Bismarck as a statesman, engaged in the solution of most intricate and well-nigh insoluble questions, than on the romantic Bismarck hewing his way toward power and the achievement of his passionately-desired ends.

Everything characteristic in the German peoples was against him. And, while under the stimulation of a new and glorious idea—that of the *Vaterland*—he found it possible to overcome antipathies, jealousies and suspicions which had divided petty states for centuries, when the serious business of placing the hastily federated independent powers upon a permanent basis involving submission to Prussian imperial control was taken in hand, he needed not only the iron grip which no one doubted was his own, but also the velvet glove of a Machiavellian diplomacy, which scarcely anyone knew that he possessed. Remember who these people were whom he must now weld into a homogeneous and submissive nation. Germany was, until the Franco-Prussian War, a group of innu-

merable little states, the names of many of which I could almost certainly declare most of us have never so much as heard. Prussia and Bavaria and Saxony and the two or three other large powers were surrounded by this countless number of principalities, duchies, kingdoms, all of them geographically and otherwise insignificant, but none the less independent and proud with the pride which smallness necessitates if one wishes to be seen and heard at all. For centuries these "royal families" had "ruled" over their little quarter-section dominions and maintained the most punctilious etiquette at their little "courts." Thackeray has shown us, in his inimitable way, a delicious picture of the tempest-in-a-teapot sort of a life that was lived in these petty German courts. Such stickling for precedence, such heartaches, such wounded feelings, such swellings of pride! If the Oberhofmeisterine was given a higher place at dinner than the Oberhokappelmeisterine, there was sure to be a long and bitter war, and the momentous question could not be settled until the Chancellor had consulted the Privy Council and a royal commission determined the matter.

And then the jealousies and bickerings between the little states themselves. The Prince of Saxe-Minnigen-Coburg-Gotha-Schwerin wanted it dis-

tinctly understood that he took precedence of the Graf of Saxe-Guttenburg-Werishoeffen-Graetz! The fact that nobody outside of these diminutive countries had ever heard of their existence did not in the least deter their serene highnesses from giving continuous comic opera performances, which the historian of curiosities records as a delightful contribution to the gayety of the nations. In addition to these certain manifestations of self-importance, which all small people and small individuals must make so as not to be stepped on, there was the greater difficulty confronting Bismarck of the deep and time-honored differences of religion and racial proclivities.

Bavaria and Wurtemburg, Alsace and Prussia had scarcely more in common than the German language, and even that was so differentiated by local idioms and pronunciation that those who spoke it reviled those who (from their point of view) butchered it. Then, too, there was the growing commercial rivalry between the great ports and manufacturing cities. And, to make his task seemingly impossible, there was the natural fear of Prussian encroachment and the humiliating loss of independence on the part of the old, sovereign powers which Bismarck's "United Germany" involved.

But to this gigantic problem the giant addressed all of the powers of his mighty mind and bent all of the force of his tremendous will.

He succeeded—or nearly so! There was one element of danger as he supposed, one vital, integral element in the national life which he had not yet got under his control; and that, of course, meant to his policy a menace and a weakness. Absolutism was of the very essence of Bismarck's philosophy, and the vast imperial superstructure could not, in his opinion, be thought permanently safe as long as any considerable portion of the people were, in matters having to do with education, morals and social principles, not absolutely under the guidance and direction of the state. Bismarck was far from being the first great statesman who dreaded the influence of "another king, even one Jesus"—a king whose kingdom is not of this world. The Roman Emperors had vainly striven to crush a movement which for centuries was the work almost exclusively of penniless and socially insignificant people. Edicts and oppression and persecution and world-wide power proved absolutely ineffectual against it. And in three centuries it had overwhelmed the throne itself and become the dominant force in the world. And later power after power and emperor after emperor had had to "go to Canossa" in one way or another. So the Iron Chancellor was right

when he feared that one gentle nun left free to teach the sublime principles of that other and higher kingdom was a possible element of uncontrolled and uncontrollable influence which his notion of absolutism could not brook.

He no doubt was perfectly aware of the enormous difficulty which his policy was sure to encounter, but had he not successfully overcome prejudices and animosities and all sorts of apparently impossible obstacles?

To Bismarck there was only one line open—the straightest to his object. His object was the complete unification of the German peoples. Between himself and this he fancied that the Catholic Church, as at that time organized and operating in the Empire, offered a barrier which must be modified and brought, like all others, under his own immediate control.

So he plunged at once, with characteristic vigor and bluntness, into the task of getting the ecclesiastical machinery into his own hands.

He introduced and successfully carried forward into actual law the series of bills aimed at the freedom and autocracy of the Church which is known as the "Kulturkampf," or the "May Laws," from the name of the month in which they became operative.

These laws were without exception the most outrageous invasion of the religious rights of millions of loyal citizens that even a prime minister had ever devised against the Kingdom of Christ, which is saying a good deal. They brought the entire Hierarchy into the most humiliating and intolerable subjection to the state. Bishops must be appointed by the (Protestant) government; the Catholic press must be absolutely edited by the same government; the utterances, acts, and even the ceremonial of the clergy must be regulated by the police; the religious orders must leave the Empire, the Catholic schools must all be closed, and the right to instruct children in religion must be exercised only under the close scrutiny of government officials of another faith.

Penal statutes of the most severe kind were passed and enforced to compel obedience. The result, of course, was immediate and terrible.

The brave clergy were cast into prison by the score. The teaching orders were exiled. The faithful were persecuted. The schools and a great part of the churches were closed. In a year the priesthood of one part of the Empire was reduced, by exile, death and imprisonment, from ten thousand to less than four. The sacraments and instruction being entirely withdrawn from the people in many

places, religion and morality were seriously threatened, and mothers and wives beheld a spirit of indifferentism and bitterness taking the place of the spirit of Christ in the hearts of their sons and husbands.

But the Church was not supinely yielding to the tyrant and monster of diabolical hatred that Bismarck had now become. No! From every quarter came the voice of defiant protest and the inspiring evidence that the spirit of the martyrs was alive and fervent.

Bishop Ledochowski, who was heroically suffering for the faith in a prison cell, received the red hat which raised him to the Sacred College of Cardinals while still incarcerated, Leo XIII. thus showing his magnificent scorn of the German butcher and brute. A little old man, himself a prisoner in the Vatican, without a corporal's guard, without an acre of land, defying the man of blood and iron with his more than a million Potsdam soldiers under arms and drunk with the new wine of a glorious success!

Bishop after Bishop and priest after priest suffered imprisonment, exile, confiscation of goods, death itself, rather than cease protesting against the scandalous abuse of brutal power.

But the protests of a clergy thus tied hand and foot could result only in the moral support of the

faith of their people, and could scarcely be expected to accomplish much in the way of political and legislative redress. Where were the laity? Where were they who could do something of a practical and effectual sort in the way of organized agitation?

Alas, at times of general distress many are found who leave to some one else the duty of acting. Men are busy. Men deplore much that they do nothing to correct. But while the great masses of the Catholics of the Fatherland were too bewildered or too indifferent or too helpless to act, there were men who did have the requisite courage, zeal and ability to act and to act tremendously. There was the venerable Mallinkrodt, whose great mind and whose greater heart had been thrown, with a lion's courage, into the seemingly hopeless attempt to sway Bismarck from his insane policy. There were the brothers Reichensperger, there was von Schorlemmer-Alst, men whose powers of mind and heart would have made them an honor to any cause. But scarcely was the battle for God and the truth fairly on when Mallinkrodt passed away, and the movement was left without his immensely valuable leadership and counsels. And the enemy waxed stronger and stronger. New and subtle arguments were advanced so cunningly that not a few of the elect themselves were being drawn, if

not into acceptance of Bismarck's views, at least into a general attitude of "liberal German Catholicism," as opposed to the uncompromising Roman Catholicism of the clergy.

It was declared that there was no disposition on the part of the government to destroy or oppress the Catholics as such; but what was attacked and must be overcome, sooner or later, was the interference within the German Empire of Italian and other foreign influences. There was no objection to the Jesuits, but as their General was always a foreigner, and might at any time be a Frenchman or other anti-German, it was contrary to sound policy to allow these emissaries of a foreign and possibly inimical head to teach young Germans in the schools of the Empire.

Be German Catholics! Be men! Free yourselves and your children from the degrading submission to Latin enemies of everything Teutonic!

Come to your God-given independence, and join us in our magnificent effort to build a solid, united, homogeneous Germania which will dominate the world! This had its effect. To some temperaments there is nothing so attractive as just such flattery. To be told, for instance, in this country: "You are too intelligent to believe as the illiterate Catholics of the decadent Latin countries. We

understand, of course, that the wise old Church does not expect a man like *you* to accept things in the simple and unthinking way that the Spanish or Italian peasantry do. As an American Catholic, you, of course, have a more liberal and progressive view of theology." This sort of twaddle tickles some. And so in Germany a few ecclesiastics went off into the ridiculous fiasco of the "Old Catholic Movement," of which Windthorst afterwards said: "They call themselves the old Catholics because they are, as a matter of fact, the very newest kind of Protestants!" Mallinkrodt was gone to his reward. The Bishops were either actually in prison or equally debarred from any action.

The rank and file, hopeless or apathetic, knew not which way to turn. And the Iron Chancellor, at the zenith of his power, was triumphing over the prostrate and helpless Church. Surely here was the army of the Philistines in invincible array defying the armies of the living God. Here was the Goliath Bismarck every day flinging the taunt and the insult in the face of the children of light. But was there a David? Was there in this hour of terrible darkness and despair a champion able and willing to pick up the gage of battle which the giant threw down? There was! Windthorst, a dwarf, an unknown and practically friendless and

penniless man, stood forth and challenged the snorting and contemptuous giant.

Stooping to pick up the pebble of Principle from the clear stream of Truth, he put it in his sling of dauntless enthusiasm, and, before the giant knew what was taking place, the David of German Catholic Truth had brought him to the dust, and, with his heel on the neck of the fallen monster, was dictating the terms on which he would allow him to stand again!

Who was this marvelous man? What has God wrought before our very eyes in the making and inspiring of a soul like this? Oh, my brothers, give me your ears, while I remind you of the sublime achievement of this our comrade and fellow in the only cause great enough to enlist the life-endeavor of deathless and thinking men.

Dr. Windthorst, by reason of his sagacity, had been entrusted with a place in the cabinet of the little kingdom of which he was a subject prior to the federation of Germany. And it was while he held that portfolio that he gained the nickname of the "kleine excellentz"—little exellency—which he bore all through his after life. It was given him because of his very diminutive stature, being not more than half the height of his great antagonist Bismarck. His head was huge and his little legs

not of the straightest, and his massive features made up a countenance which had been hideous had it not been for the gentle, loving eye and the benignity and strength of the expression. Alert, careless of his appearance, simple as a child in his habits and manners, pure, generous, courageous, eloquent and enthusiastic, the little excellency came into the Reich or Imperial Parliament at the supreme moment when the cause of Catholic independence required him. The "Right" was composed of the solid, conservative, thoroughly Bismarckian elements, wholly devoted to the policy of creating and maintaining a feudal, strongly centralized and autocratic government; and, of course, the Kulturkampf, aimed as it was at the suppression of the freedom of the clergy, was cordially accepted by the "Right."

The "Left," on the other hand, was made up of the heterogeneous crowd of radicals, socialists, malcontents, rebels—the rag, tag and bob-tail which usually comprises "protest." From these Catholicity could look for scant consideration and no succor. There were the two great opposing parties in the Imperial legislature, so when little Windthorst came in, he could turn neither to the right nor to the left, and thus sat in the center. That center or *centrum*, which he found the only neutral

spot on which he could base his vast programme, has now become the ruling element in the Reichstag, and is so closely associated with his brilliant career and thrilling campaigns that you must give me a minute for its consideration. Fancy our little dwarf, then, if you will, entering the Parliament and squatting himself ungainly in the center, looking unconcerned and good-naturedly at the glaring ranks of the "Left" and the mildly contemptuous and supercilious "Right."

Think of the little chap quietly munching a wienerwurst on his little stool there, and waiting and watching and praying for his opportunity.

He well knew the power that inheres in all "centers." Do you recall how in childhood we played at see-saw? How a big boy might be matched by one equally big at the other end of the teetering board—but that it was as the tiniest one, who stood in the center and was called "candlestick," put his foot, now on this and then on that side, that the big boys were sent up or down?

Philosophers speak of a "tertium quid"—a third something, and the history of Europe has more than one example of cosy smallness holding "the balance of power," ready to dictate frequently to big, equally-balanced powers, each one of which could gobble the snug little "candlestick" up, were

it not for the other! Take Switzerland, for example. How often have avaricious eyes not yearned over her fair valleys and matchless mountains? But were greedy German eyes to peer over the Northern Alps, and hungry German lips to say: "Mein Gott! Das ist ein wunderschoenes Land!" alert French, Austrian and Italian eyes would look over the Southern Alps, and exceedingly pointed questions would be asked in diplomatic but unmistakable language. And meanwhile would Switzerland go on the even tenor of her way secure from all impertinent ogling on the part of those rude giants her neighbors.

The center is your place on a see-saw, and when contesting bignesses would appreciate the otherwise insignificant proffer of assistance by modest littleness. And Windthorst sat in the *Centrum* and watched the Titan forces of retrogression grappling the Titan forces of progression.

Outside of Parliament he was not idle. All over the Empire he was arousing, organizing, marshaling the discouraged and cowed Catholics.

Observe the wisdom and far-reaching political sagacity of his line of action. The issue as he outlined it was not a theological or even ecclesiastical one, but purely a question of individual political rights. While he caused the guilds and sodalities

of pious women to pray to Mary, in whose sweet month of May the blasphemous and cruel laws had been passed, he urged the men to remember that it was their personal rights as subjects and their constitutional rights as men that they must arise to defend, the famous motto that he adopted and which soon echoed throughout the Empire at every gathering of Catholics, shows his tact and ability as a political leader. He was fighting the enemies of the Church of God, he was specifically attacking laws aimed at the Bishops, he was the champion of Catholic truth; but his motto says naught of religion; it appeals to those sentiments which no body or party of men in a civilized country could or would condemn. What was the motto? "*Freiheit, Wahrheit und Recht!*" Three simple German words, whose meaning required no study, whose truth none could deny. "Freedom, truth and the right!" That was all, and that was everything. He asked for Catholics no favors, he demanded for them no privileges, he bespoke for their doctrines no acceptance by others; he merely said: "We are Germans, and as Germans we expect, at the hands of our beloved Fatherland, in common with all our fellow patriots, freedom, truth and the right!" So it was "Freiheit, Wahrheit und Recht" everywhere —on badges, on banners, on letters, on every man's

tongue. To the remotest country parishes went the indefatigable dwarf giant, preaching his gospel of freedom and truth. And in very short space of time he had a wave of superb public opinion back of him wherever he went. And there he sat in his "candlestick" center, ready to fight, ready to advance the glorious cause, were it only a hair's breadth, nearer to victory.

The story of that long parliamentary struggle, in which this man, beginning practically alone and against the most strongly-entrenched and arbitrary combination of hatred and power, finally (through sheer tact and supreme genius) triumphed, must remain one of the most remarkable and absorbing in the annals of debate.

With an adroitness that alone would have made him famous, Windthorst never missed a chance to throw the weight of his marvelously telling eloquence and such votes as he could command, on one side or the other, into the ever-increasing struggle between the Conservatives and Radicals.

In announcing his position on each question as it came up he found a strategic opportunity for advocating his Freiheit and Wahrheit, and of applying his principles to the current issue.

A few fortunate occurrences, in which his siding with one or the other party meant defeat or

success, established him and his no longer negligible *Centrum* in a position of felt importance. Then came that larger opportunity for which he had so earnestly striven, when he could make his own policy and his own contention the issues to be fought out on their merits.

And it was now that he drew down upon himself the full torrent of Bismarck's terrible wrath and overwhelming vituperation.

But the little hero remained calm and collected, while the giant stormed and raved like an infuriated bull.

Many a time he would explode some towering bit of imperial eloquence by muttering some quaint word or two without so much as rising from his seat. It seems that on one occasion Bismarck so far forgot the courtesies of debate as to refer to Windthorst's appearance, and ended by declaring him to be a double-faced little man whom he could ignore.

Windthorst at once sprang up, and, facing the House, said: "Fuerst Bismarck has said that I am double-faced. My heavens! If I had any other face, does anyone think that I would be wearing this one?"

It is probable that the force of the great Chancellor's argument on that day was lost on the Lords and Gentlemen.

Pressing his demands with each new advantage, Windthorst was soon in a way to cause Bismarck very serious anxiety. More especially when the far-reaching and very profound labor troubles and socialistic agitation began to menace the larger cities of Germany did Windthorst find the coveted opening for the preaching of his mercilessly logical thesis: "No religion, no morality; no morality, no government!" It was not difficult for him to constantly show how injurious to the state had been the closing of the great schools of the religious orders. "You cripple the Church, you deprive the children of their moral guides, you dry up the spiritual fountains at which weak men drank strength and steadfastness, you stamp out the light of religion and the consequent sense of eternal responsibility, and then, when your Godless house begins to shake, you turn to us, forsooth, and beg us as decent citizens help hold your roof up! Yes, we will help you, but give us first freedom, truth and the right!"

That was an argument which many heard and pondered. It rang true. Again, if at any time the government, in its fierce determination to quash all freedom of utterance and of association on the part of the people, attempted to carry through some measure in which the sacred principles of liberty

were grossly outraged, Windthorst would throw the weight of his fast growing influence on the side of the "Left," thereby frequently defeating the purposes of the majority and always securing for himself the cordial support of the radicals and progressives in furthering his campaign.

At last his hold on the Parliament was such as no one could afford to ignore and still less to antagonize.

Then he began to formulate the direct attack upon the Kulturkampf. He proposed nothing short of absolute repeal of the obnoxious May laws, and the consequent complete restoration of all their rights to the Catholics of the Empire. Bismarck was not slow to scoff at this presumption, and he early pointed with ridicule to what he was pleased to call Windthorst's "mediævalism."

He scornfully asked if the little fellow was asleep and dreamed that it was the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

Did anyone in his senses imagine that the great German Kaiser, in the full noontide of the modern world, when the power of the Roman Church was reduced to a purely spiritual guidance of a limited number of the less enlightened, would, like some cringing, superstitious emperor of the Middle Ages,

crawl to Canossa to sue for favor at the hands of a little, powerless Pope shut up in the Vatican gardens?

The idea was simply puerile, thundered the man of blood and iron. And surely the trend of European politics did not seem to indicate the success of a movement looking toward the restoration to Bishops of their former independence and freedom from state interference.

The treachery of the Emperor of the French, which had resulted in the overthrow of the Papal states, the growth of Freemasonry in all the old Catholic countries, and the popularity of the principle of "Sæcularism"—all seemed to forecast failure for such an effort as Windthorst, against awful odds and against the current of Nationalism which was still flowing joyously through the German heart, was preparing to make for the liberty and exaltation of holy mother Church.

Steadily, however, he unified and inspired the faithful by means of the associations and clubs which were now being founded on every hand, and persistently he pressed, by speeches and strategic skill in parliamentary warfare, his uncompromising demand for Freiheit, Wahrheit und Recht.

Poor Bismarck had his two strong hands full of many troubles other than those brought to him by the little excellency.

Time after time the commercial rivalries, the historical jealousies of the reigning families in the lesser states of the confederation and the ever-growing restlessness of the working classes, well nigh proved too much for even his grip of steel.

And above him, beloved by the whole people and far more disposed than the Chancellor to treat all of them with leniency and conciliation, was the great Emperor William I.

From the start Windthorst believed that the case of the oppressed Catholics could yet be so presented to the generous and just Kaiser as to compel his big, magnanimous heart to see the injustice and to right it.

At length events so shaped themselves as to enable the dauntless champion of truth to press his contention to an absolute issue.

From all parts of the Vaterland petitions flowed in upon the Emperor and delegations waited upon him as on a father of his people.

The more important of these direct appeals were always timed so that they would coincide with some particularly acute distress of the government, caused by the uprising of socialistic schemers or the outbreak of threatening discontent and disorder in the dangerous classes.

It was hard for the kindly and fatherly Kaiser to refuse to see the logic that connected these

serious symptoms in the body politic with the suppression of the restraining and elevating influences of religion in so many parts of the country.

Well did he know that none of his millions of subjects had more gloriously acquitted themselves in the great war with France that had elevated him to his imperial power than the lusty and hearty sons of the Catholics. Who, for example, had proved more valiant, able and successful before Paris than the King of Saxony and his brother, Prince George? Yet these two princes belonged to one of the most devout Catholic families of Europe. And where in all of Germany could one find a more industrious, honest, patriotic and loyal people than in Bavaria and all the other exclusively and intensely Catholic states?

Why, then, were these selected for special discrimination on the sole ground of their religious principles and denied the sacred rights granted by the very constitution to all subjects indifferently?

Against this "weakness" of his imperial master the adroit Bismarck was quick to interpose no end of sophistries and arguments, drawn from expediency and the best interests of the country.

But the cold calculations of a heartless politician, while they may and do suffice frequently to control and shape the action of legislatures, cannot

in the long run drown the voice of a simple, child-like conscience as it utters itself in the heart of a just and compassionate man.

It is because expediency can thwart the nobler impulses of men that all false and unjust laws and prerogatives flourish; but it is also because it cannot even for a moment deceive conscience that they do not last, and that the voice of the people in time always must come to be as well the voice of God.

The Kulturkampf was accepted by the men in power because Bismarck was able to convince them that nothing must be allowed to stand in the way of an immediate and complete unification and amalgamation of the German peoples. For so sublime and providentially-indicated a destiny any possible hardship and injustice must be inflicted on the Catholics without a qualm, and should be borne by them cheerfully as a test of their loyalty to the All-Germany principle.

And the sophistry passed for sound argument, until Windthorst began his magnificent appeals to the pure conscience of his fellow Germans.

From the moment that one man after another saw the truth in its real light, were he Lutheran, agnostic or what you like, from that moment Bismarck had lost a follower to the extent of being no longer able to plead justice for his cause.

And when at last the Kaiser came to see the matter in its abstract state as a question of simple right or wrong, Windthorst had won; for William the Great was not the man who could deliberately sin against the light in a matter especially involving the eternal welfare of multitudes of his children who had in countless ways shown themselves the very mainstay of solid government and of domestic and civic virtue.

Like a gladiator hurling himself at his wavering foe for a last and crushing blow, Windthorst now entered upon the final stages of his long and untiring contest. Where in the history of great political campaigns is there a parallel to those brilliant last hours of the struggle that culminated in the repeal of the May laws?

Straight to the bar of the Emperor's personal conscience, and marshaling a dozen timely reasons for that conscience to act in accordance with its own good promptings, the little Hercules pressed the issue for immediate trial, while his gigantic enemy writhed helplessly in the midst of an inextricably awkward situation and harassed by innumerable conflicting interests. The see-saw tipped madly up and down—now this end up and then that end up; but, never losing his control of the lift or the fall for a minute, the little "candlestick"

held and applied the balance of power. The end came quickly. After an ineffectual last attempt by Bismarck to accomplish certain vitally impending purposes without surrendering to the Catholic "Centrum," the Kaiser sent for the Chancellor and uttered the most memorable and the most kingly words of his life. He said: "Mann muss dem Folk seine Religion wieder-geben!"—We must give their religion back to the people! No statesman in a thousand years has said words more profoundly wise. No political economist will ever say any words that would suffice for these.

We must, indeed, give the people their religion, or build our empires on the quicksands of passing fancy and the wholly unreliable passions and emotions of men.

The May laws were to be repealed! Catholics were to be treated as all others were! The sacrifice was again to ascend from the altars; the schools were again to instil the eternal truths into the hearts of the little ones; the preaching of God's word was again to be unlet and unhindered; and religion, in her garbs of mercy and peace and justice, was to safeguard the state as Potsdam armies and the police could not!

Gloria in excelsis Deo! What a day for the brave and long-suffering faithful of the Vaterland!

And it was the month of May, the month of Mary. With chastened joy Windthorst rose in his place in the Reichstadt to express his conviction from the first, that Germans could not permanently deny to Germans any right, any privilege enjoyed by themselves.

And now, behold they were about to tear out forever from the statute book a series of laws placed there by themselves. Why? Simply because they had been shown that these laws were unjust. It was not an hour for vainglorious exultation over a great victory; it was rather an hour for devout thanksgiving and for congratulating the German people on the superb fact that nothing that is unjust can remain German!

With delicious wit he expressed his happiness over the fact that the issue had been reached in May, the beautiful month of flowers and sunshine; for his love for the beloved Kaiser was such that it would have grieved him to have seen His Majesty making the journey to Canossa in mid-winter, as his august predecessor had been compelled to do centuries ago!

Leo XIII. had met the German Empire and the Church had won. A dwarf, without a party or followers or money or station had encountered

the greatest and most powerful man in Europe, and the Iron Chancellor was lying prostrate asking for terms!

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the story of the Kulturkampf, and the triumph of a layman over the powers of the world in one of the most terrific and insidious warfares that was ever waged against the Church of Christ.

Before bidding you good-night, suffer me to draw one or two thoughts from the life and the work of Windthorst.

In the first place, the effect of his character and his example has been most striking in the formation of a type of sturdy laymen in Germany which gives even the casual tourist the impression that Faith is a living, vigorous and inspiring reality in that happy land.

To hear a churchful of stalwart Teutons bellowing out the responses at divine service and thunderously singing the hymns at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament is to have one's own faith strengthened and one's heart cheered.

The Catholics of Germany today are second to none in the world in the intelligent, out-spoken, uncompromising practice of their religion.

Innumerable clubs, societies and leagues serve to hold men of all ages and conditions together,

while the splendidly educated and pious clergy lead them in repeated public expressions of a vital and missionary faith.

There is a forthrightness and candor about the layman in Germany which one may trace directly to the persecutions under the May laws and the heroic defense of the truth made by the brave leaders under the inspiration and guidance of the inimitable Windthorst.

And in a wider sense also Windthorst has left the influence of his glorious life on the very structure of the German Parliament and its present methods of operation and the state of political parties. When he began his Parliamentary career the "Center" was more of a theoretical point of view than a force which either of the opposing wings of the Chamber needed to consider seriously.

We have seen how, little by little, he drew the fairer-minded and the more judicious and less partisan to one side or the other as the various issues presented themselves. And, later, how he had about him a permanent body—not large, but very determined and very able—of men who held themselves free from the entanglements of both extremes of politics, with an eye single to take an independent and conscientious stand on each question as it arose. This nucleus has now become the

great Centrum, the controlling force in the politics of the Empire, and which will have from henceforth not only to be recognized, but yielded to, in many of the serious issues upon which will be found to hang the future of all.

It is indeed a splendid achievement to have created a permanent force in the ruling body of a great world-power, which has for its sole principle and motive the solution of all questions in terms of Catholic philosophy and in accordance with that political economy taught by the Son of God.

Such is the German Parliamentary Centrum, and it has found increasing numbers of scholarly and devout men ready to carry the traditions of its immortal founder.

Only the other day we were called upon to mourn the death of Windthorst's successor, Dr. Lieber, whose immense ability, untiring enthusiasm and spotless character have done what God alone can measure in placing the Catholics of Germany and the Church in Germany upon a plane of extraordinary influence and usefulness.

After a few years spent in rejoicing with those for whom he had done so much, Windthorst, full of honors and loved as few men have been, lay down to enter into that rest which must indeed be sweet to them who have served as he served.

On the occasion of his last public appearance at the great annual meeting of the federation of Catholic societies from all parts of the country, the venerable man received such an ovation as few ever have been worthy to get, and his pathetic, thrilling address sounds like the voice of a prophet indeed as he bade them remember that there shall never come a time when the world, in one way or another, will not be at enmity with the Church.

And as for ourselves, my friends? What has the life of the little excellency for us of inspiration and rebuke?

We are so blessed as to be citizens in a land where, in all likelihood, the time will never come when the rights which are the very cornerstone of our constitution will be withdrawn from any of us or when any man calling himself an American will be seriously molested in the free exercise of his religious liberty.

No Iron Chancellor shall ever enact a Kulturkampf among us. On the contrary, as time passes no one can fail to notice the growing spirit of charity and good will which characterizes those who yet unfortunately differ in religious convictions. No political party could exist here that publicly assailed the faith of any portion of our great and happy family.

But if history teaches us anything, it is that the real enemies of the Church, they that have been able to wound her almost mortally, have been, not the organized political, external and avowed foes —for these she has crushed triumphantly ever—but the foes who were her own children, the enemies which she had suckled at her own breasts.

Our dangers here in America will be more dangerous than those which beset the Church in Germany when the David Windthorst went forth to challenge the champion of the Philistines.

Our peril will be that which betrays itself only after the symptoms show that the disease is too far gone to stay.

Our difficulties shall be found to be those of the will and the mind. We are set here in the midst of a magnificently prosperous and pagan civilization, in which material success is the incentive and earthly good the end of every effort. Luxury, indifferentism in its subtlest forms, the comfortable philosophy of "Get there!"—all this will and does tend to militate against that higher and more truly Catholic view of life for which the Church has stood through good repute and bad repute for close to two thousand years.

Here, as ever and everywhere, there is the great gulf fixed, whether we like to believe it or not—

the great gulf, I say, fixed between the light and the darkness, between the Catholic and the false philosophies and standards of life and all that enters into life.

Here no man of Blut und Eisen will restrict our right to approach the Sacraments; but a myriad hands more mighty will dispute every step we take in the up-hill path toward the light.

In free America no officials will close our schools; but at every hand the hawkers of error entice our children, and Propriety and Respectability countenance the very teachings of Hell.

No fear that our Clergy will be cast into prison; but which one of them would not rather preach, as did Ledochowski, from a dungeon, than be shut out from reaching us by our sapient cocksureness and "liberal" thought which comes at last to take a patronizing attitude toward the priest as a man of excellent intentions—but sadly out of key with the times!

In the May of no year shall we ever see the passage of laws aimed at our liberties as Catholics; but year after year we do see laws passed that reduce marriage to a state of scarcely more than legalized prostitution; year after year we do see laws ignored, in the unrebuked breaking of which can lie only our social damnation.

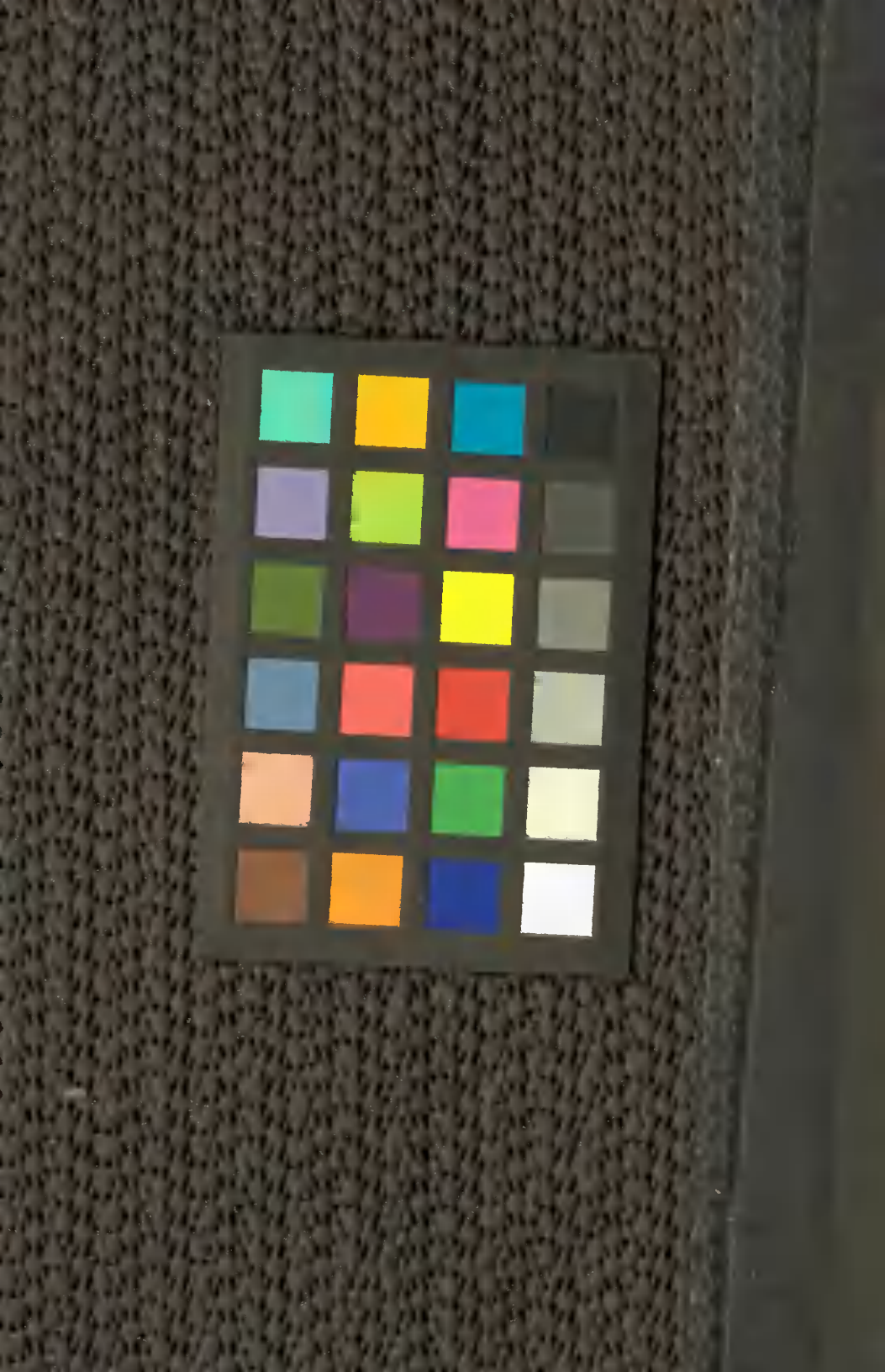
Never anywhere was the Church more beset by insidious, cunning and dangerous enemies than right here and now in our own beloved land.

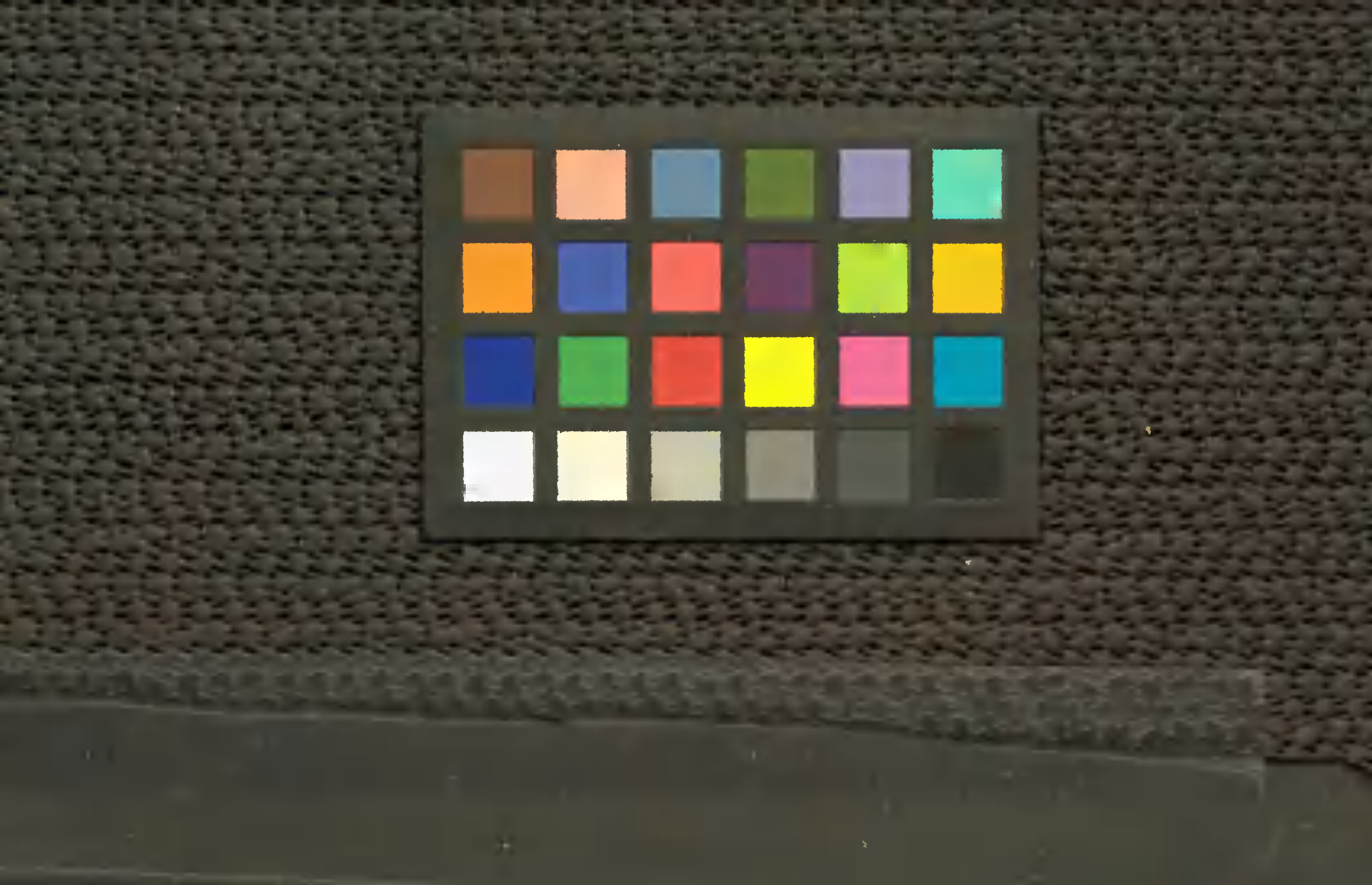
Therefore there is call and occasion for each man of us to come to our "Centrum." There is room, there is desperate need, for the stuff of which Windthorst was made. In the glorious out-working of our national destiny their part will be found at the last to have told for the true and the right who have stood in God's exquisitely poised and superbly effective "Center."

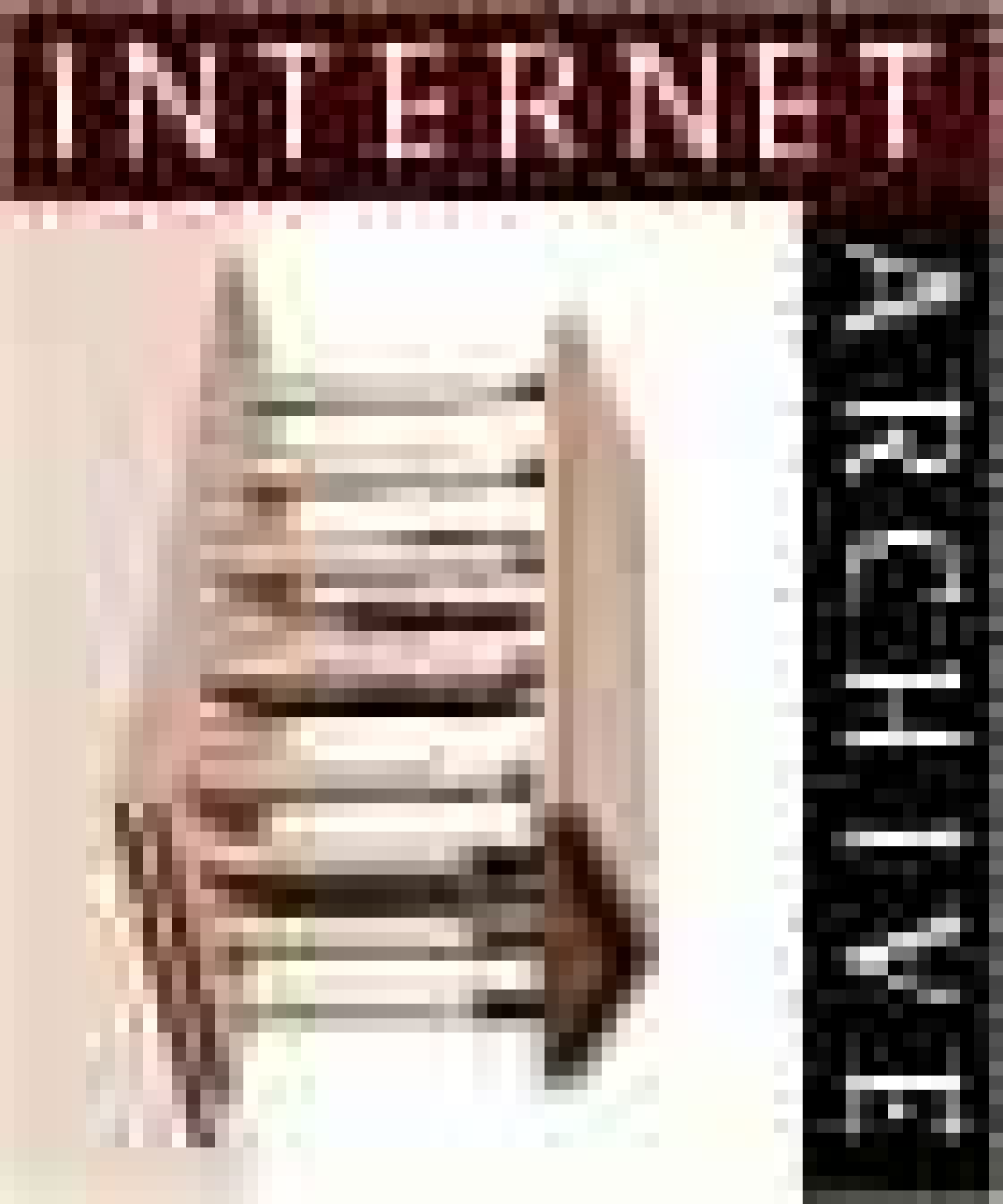
Ho! then, for recruits for the glorious Centrum of Catholic life! We have no more need to count our chances for success, no more need to fear our failure, than Windthorst had that day when he sat himself down alone to watch and prepare for the issue.

Standing there in the eternal right, the only truth, the majestic all, what have we to fear or to count on? The May will come each year, and in that year that it shall please God we shall be found rejoicing at the time of flowers, for that our enemy has been laid low, and foolish laws whereby they thought to crush us have been every one repealed!

Let us stop at Canossa; for thither must all the powers of the world come in sackcloth and ashes before the last.



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